

The Guardians of Draco

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-10-24 07:02:36

Updated: 2013-10-13 06:26:01

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:00:18

Rating: T

Chapters: 12

Words: 29,024

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A baby comes to the door step of Hiccup and Stoic belonging to an unknown woman and a powerful god. The baby has 7 marks on his back of the Srike class emblem and in a note, he's asked to take care of and train this child until the day he turns 13. That day has come and 6 ships arrive at Berk each carrying the young teens that will become legend.

1. New baby of Berk

Hiccup groaned as Toothless nudged him almost desperately and proceeded to push him out of the bed.

"Okay okay, what is it, Toothless?" he asked following Toothless as they crept down the stairs and Toothless nudged open the door.

"Geez, Toothless, what could possibly make you get me up at this time?" he asked walking to the porch when he stopped; open-mouthed. His green eyes went wide and he looked around before kneeling to pick up the white bundle inside the basket.

"Go wake up dad" he told Toothless who raced upstairs, Hiccup sat in a chair to look at the baby inside the white cloth. The baby had a tuft of black hair and a cute face, he opened the blanket for a sec to check and found that it was boy.

"What in the name of Odin" his father's harsh voice sounded grumpy.

"Shh" Hiccup put a finger to his lips.

"We found this little guy on the porch, Toothless came and got me" Hiccup whispered to him.

Stoic the vast frowned "there are no pregnant women in my village,

there's only one woman who is and she's hardly 2 months started" he explained.

"So someone came to the village and dropped him off at the chief's door? Why?" Hiccup asked then he went to grab the basket that the baby was in. He found a flap in the basket that carried a scroll; he opened it up and started to read it.

"_Believe or do not believe in the words written in this letter but whatever the case may be, please take care of this child. He is a child like no other and is destined for greatness; he is a child of the God Thor but only half god and half human. It is proven by the marks on his back, there are seven of them all representing the same but when the time comes they change._

_I bring him to the great island of Berk because I have heard that dragons inhabit it. If the people of the island can handle fire-breathing beasts then I pray that they can help this child control the fire inside this child. On the day of his 13 year of living, he will learn of this power and at first it may hurt him greatly. _

I beg of the chief, Stoic the vast and the one of legend they call 'Dragon Conqueror' you do not tell the child before this time comes. Perhaps prepare him, teach him, and make him ready but do not tell him until the right moment. The child's name is Aden, please take care of him" Hiccup finished read.

The two remained silent and Hiccup looked at the child in his arms who was stirring and he opened his eyes slowly. Hiccup gasped, this boy's eyes were like embers of flame but blue and vibrant.

The baby giggled seeing Hiccup and reached out to him with his tiny fingers; Hiccup pulled the blanket back to glance at the boy's back. There were seven strike emblems; one was the biggest and in the middle and the others all the same size. Hiccup had no idea how Bork the bold had gotten the idea for the emblems but it couldn't be a coincidence.

Aden had it on his back "we're keeping him, right?" Hiccup asked his father while smiling when Aden smiled with his gums almost like Toothless.

"Hiccup" Stoic started to say when he looked at Aden and his face softened.

"There are gonna be questions" Stoic reminded his son.

"I know we'll hold a meeting and tell the villagers" Hiccup replied.

"Hiccup, a baby is huge responsibility" Stoic told him. "I think I'll do A LOT better than you ever did" Hiccup told him glaring.

Stoic frowned sadly "I know Hiccup and I'll never make that mistake again, I should've accepted you for you instead of wanting you to be someone else" he told him.

Hiccup dropped his glare "please, dad, we can't just pass Aden on to someone who won't understand" he pleaded.

Stoic sighed "fine, but this means you're his guardian, full responsibility" he told him, Hiccup nodded and gestured for Toothless to approach. Hiccup expected Aden to look scared or cry but Aden just laugh and touched Toothless snout lightly. Toothless stood perfectly still and tame tempered as the baby rubbed his snout.

"Good job, buddy" Hiccup told Toothless who curled around the chair feeling a bond already with the baby. Aden soon fell asleep again and Hiccup attempted to stay awake until he finally the laid against Toothless with Aden safe in his arms.

* * *

><p>The three-year old Aden walked outside the house then leaped off the porch and started to walk to Gobber's when something pulled him up by his shirt. "Toothless, down" Aden complained as the dragon rolled its eyes and carried him back to Hiccup who seemed shocked.<p>

"Aden, when did you-" Hiccup stopped then sighed "never mind, thanks Toothless, what did you think you were doin?" Hiccup asked.

Aden rocked on the back of his heels, his big blue eyes looking Hiccup and Astrid "I wanted to go Gobber's, please?" he pleaded.

"Fine, next time: ask and don't go anywhere without Toothless" he reminded him.

Aden smiled with glee "okay, come on Toothless" he said climbing on Toothless back and Toothless carried him off.

Hiccup chuckled leaning back "you just let him go off like that?" Astrid asked.

"Why not? Toothless makes an excellent babysitter, if Aden's misbehaving then Toothless just nudges him to stop or brings him back here if he doesn't cooperate" Hiccup explained.

"You're lucky he's such a good mother" Astrid commented smirking.

"Ha Ha, hilarious" Hiccup droned sarcastically.

Astrid leans back smiling "ignoring that tone, it's also a good thing Aden's such a cutie otherwise he wouldn't be tolerated for his trouble making tendencies."

"It that all it takes in this place? Be cute and get away with murder? Well, Astrid, now I get it completely" he teased her and she punched his arm.

"That better be a compliment" she threatened and he leaned in to meet her eyes close up.

"It sort of was" he admitted and she shook her head and kissed him.

"What are you doing Hiccup?" Astrid and Hiccup separated blushing and

faced Aden who stood with Toothless who had a knowing look on.

"Uhâ€¦ uh, nothing Aden, Toothless" he pointed to the house and Aden was carried reluctantly into the house.

"Well, that was embarrassing" Astrid muttered and Hiccup laughed with his face still burning.

* * *

><p>Aden launched himself off the rock toward Hiccup, his sword brought down but Hiccup was ready and blocked it. He then turned to swipe at him, Aden jumped back and they circled each other until he made a move to go at him.<p>

Hiccup somersaulted backward, kicking Aden's sword out of his hands before he could roll past him to retrieve it. The sword was at Aden's throat, he breathed hard "do you know what you did?" Hiccup asked as he lowered the sword.

"No" he admitted.

"You focused too much on your sword and not the opponent, not everyone will fight fair in duel. There may be people attacking from all sides, arrows flinging at you, and you can't be bothered by fancy sword tricks" Hiccup explained.

"But when am I ever gonna use this in real life? I'm only 7 and none of the other kids have to do this" Aden asked, his small body plopping on the grass to rest.

Hiccup sat next to him "well, then, none of the other kids will ever be as ready as you if something does happen" Hiccup told him.

"But you grew up in the dragon age, where dragons would attack and steal food and it would be handy to know sword fighting but that doesn't happen anymore" Aden replied.

Hiccup sighed "I know Aden and we changed that but I just have a feeling that teaching you these things. Knowing about different plants, knowing how to iron work and some other things will help you" Hiccup elaborated.

"And you know-"

"We're Vikings, it's an occupational hazard" Aden recited and Hiccup laughed ruffling Aden's messy black hair.

"Hiccup" Aden mentioned and Hiccup turned, he hesitated a moment then lowered his shirt to show the marks on his back. "Why do I have these?" he asked him.

Hiccup sighed shaking his head "we don't know, they were there before, birth marks" he explained.

Aden looked disappointed "the kids at school think it's weird" he muttered.

Hiccup grinned at him "nah, they're just jealous because they don't

have cool marks like those" he pointed out.

Aden's frown turned into a smile, "thanks Hiccup."

* * *

><p>"Aden!" Astrid's yell made Aden roll over groaning and curl up in his bed with blankets "I mean it, Aden, if you don't get down here now then you aren't eating breakfast!" Astrid added. With that, he sprang out of the bed and ran down the stairs.<p>

Aden sat at the table and then starting putting the food on his plate "hungry, are we?" Hiccup asked; he shrugged while chewing food.

"I don't see why not, he already grew out of his boots" Astrid replied.

Aden smiled sheepishly, he had grown pretty well since he was 10 and now that he was nearly 13 he was starting to fill in with muscle. He was about medium size for his age but the exercise, iron working, and sword fighting everyday made him lean. It definitely wasn't long until he'd get some muscle too.

"Well, you better eat all your food because you're gonna need all the energy you can get for where Hiccup's training is going" Astrid told him.

"Yes Astrid" over the years Aden hadn't ever adapted to call them what they truly were but 'Astrid and Hiccup' were the same equivalent as 'mom and dad.'

Stoic was like his grandfather as well and had always been Stoic to him so he didn't think the names mattered. The kids when he was younger always asked why he didn't call Hiccup 'dad' even though he'd been raised by him. He didn't know why but he'd always called Hiccup just Hiccup, it didn't mean that he wasn't close to him.

Astrid had married Hiccup when he was 5 and Aden's life changed a little but he knew Astrid and had already loved her since he was a baby so it didn't mean much difference. Now, Astrid was his keeper as well as Hiccup was, Astrid was stricter but made a great fighting coach too.

No one made the mistake of thinking that Astrid was ever a housewife as everyone in the house did the cleaning. Hiccup was more the one who cooked because Astrid wasn't trusted with a fire and chicken (don't tell her that, though).

"Okay" Aden agreed and then finished his food and ran upstairs to get ready, he put on his boots and put on his black pants. He then put the belts that he wore around his waist that carried pouches that Hiccup had made for him out of the leather. He made them because he said that Aden could carry medicine and dry food.

Aden agreed but he thought that Hiccup was too careful with the belt that held three knives inside, one for throwing, one for cutting food and plants, and one for multipurpose. He'd grown attached to them however because each had come in handy before. He then slipped on his white shirt and then his strap that held his sword and sheath.

He walked downstairs and found that Hiccup was ready too and so was Toothless, Toothless had been around since he was a baby and still hadn't gotten old. Dragons could live for a very long time, some even a hundred years or more.

Toothless was still the fastest dragon on the island and they hadn't found any other night fury's. Aden stroked Toothless' chin and accidentally found his soft spot and he went down in bliss. Hiccup laughed "come on Toothless, we've gotta get to the mountain" Toothless got up and they both headed outside.

Aden climbed on Toothless after Hiccup and they took off at breakneck speed, they took time to dodge the cliffs and do the fancy flying. He held on tight as Hiccup always seemed to forget he was there when on Toothless. "We're gonna land soon, aright?" Hiccup asked and Aden nodded his head and gripped the strap for his sword.

They soared around their destination once for him to get a look at his environment before he was dropped. Hiccup flew close enough for Aden to jump off and he did, he took the fall by bending his legs and rolling to his feet. Hiccup was also on the small cliff before anyone could say Night Fury. He was ready though and kept an eye on everything at once, using his sword as an extension of himself just like he was taught.

Hiccup no longer went at a slow pace like when Aden was 7, he was at his best now and he was close to matching him. Hiccup was the best sword fighter on the island though many would call him small and scrawny he was scary when given a sword.

He was a dangerous opponent because he was resourceful, tricky, unpredictable, and always seemed to have a trick or two in his green vest. There was a reason that Hiccup brought him to different places on Berk, he'd explained it to Aden once.

"_I want you to be able to fight no matter what, to use your environment to your advantage, if you're fighting in snow then use it to trip your opponent, if you're on a boat than use the edge to knock him into the water. You need to feel the environment; it's just like what Gobber once explained about battling dragons. Find a weak spot and hide in it, if you find an advantage point then go for it."_

Aden was a good match for Hiccup too though because he was quick and knew Hiccup's weak points as well. Hiccup had a prosthetic leg and that would get stuck in sand, snow, and if he was off-balance it was easy to knock him off his feet.

The only problem was that Hiccup knew it too; he was incredible at using seemingly disadvantages to do the exact opposite. Aden had Hiccup against the cliff edge and pressed hard with sword against sword. He then kept at it until he drove past Aden and Aden's strength threw him off the cliff.

He gasped as he gripped the edge, his heart pounded as he looked at the ground; he swung his legs and finally got back on a flat spot. "Good job, Aden" Hiccup told him as he sat down, Aden breathed heavily, height was his biggest weakness. He didn't particularly like heights and that was why Hiccup was bringing him to fight in up high places.

On the back of Toothless it felt like nothing could touch him and he didn't mind a 360 degree dive because Toothless wouldn't drop them. When he was on the face of a cliff with the only thing between his life and certain death was how good of a grip he had on the edge. He closed his eyes and let his heart slow down to a mild pounding.

"Sorry Aden, I know I scared you there" Hiccup told him and Aden nodded.

"I know, it's just really scary" he replied.

"I know Aden, are you okay, I forget that you're still a kid" Hiccup said ruffling his hair.

"I'm turning 13 tomorrow" Aden argued.

"You're still young" Hiccup chuckled then went back into the cave of the cliff to grab Toothless who seemed to sense Aden's slight distress.

Toothless whimpered and nudged Aden who smiled and stroked Toothless' snout as the Night fury purred "ready to go?" Hiccup asked.

"Yep" Aden replied as he got up and Hiccup climbed on Toothless and he got on after him. It was about dinner time when they got back and Astrid seemed to be sleeping on the table with the axe in her hand.

"I'm not sure if that's cute or scary" Aden commented and Hiccup laughed and Aden's grandfather walked up with two plates of chicken and potatoes and other fixings. He took the plate and sat at the table and started to eat.

"Thanks Stoic" Aden said then started to eat quickly, they hadn't had any time for lunch so he was starving.

Hiccup also ate but not as fast as him "Aden, I just want to tell you that tomorrow something's going to happen. I'm not allowed to tell you till tomorrow but it might not be the best day tomorrow" Hiccup explained.

Aden knew the voice that Hiccup was using, it sounded sad and worried "you can't tell me anything?" he asked.

"No, I can't, even if I could I wouldn't know much about it anyway" Hiccup explained.

"Well, whatever happens, we'll help you Aden" Stoic told him.

Aden was starting to get worried, that night it took him a while to get to sleep. Whatever the thing they couldn't tell him must be important otherwise they wouldn't have acted like that. Hiccup has always been very smart and careful if there's something he's not sure about.

If Hiccup didn't know about something then it made Aden very anxious, he eventually got to bed with no idea what would await him in the morning.

****Someone gave me a tip so I fixed it, I don't think i'll be able to fix EVERY grammar mistake but as long as you can read it well then it's okay. ****

2. Dragon Class Manor

He woke up with a terrible feeling in his gut, it was actually starting to hurt, and he walked downstairs to find Hiccup and Astrid already awake. Aden walked shakily to the table "um, Hiccup, now can you tell me?" he asked. Hiccup walked up to him and felt his forehead and his eyes widened and he shook his hand.

"Astrid, get the others and tell them to start bringing buckets of cold water here" he told her and she nodded walking off.

"What's going on, Hiccup?" Aden asked, Hiccup brought up a scroll and held it up so that Aden read it. Aden read it and slowly his eyes widened "what does it mean by hurt me?" Aden asked then gasped as his skin started to burn white-hot.

Hiccup got gloves on and grabbed Aden from falling from the sudden heat all over his body. Astrid came in and set the bucket down as well as the others coming in. "Aden, take off your shirt" Astrid instructed and Aden did so quickly, it felt slightly better but the heat was almost unbearable.

"Hiccup, look at his marks" Ruffnut prompted and Hiccup spotted the marks on Aden; He was right, they were glowing a bright blue. Aden sat on the rock that Toothless usually sat on and laid on his stomach, the rock was cool and brought some relief.

Aden gasped as the stinging on his skin returned even worse than before and his skin started to turn a pink red. Astrid picked up the bucket of water and poured the water over Aden back, the water felt good and some of it turned to steam. "You guys keep getting the buckets of water" Hiccup told them and they all went off to do just that.

"Hiccup, why does it hurt so much? If I'm supposed to be able to breath fire or whatever why is this happening?" Aden asked. He gasped again and Hiccup poured another bucket of water on him.

"I don't know Aden, all I know about you is in that letter and how you're my son no matter what you call me" Hiccup told him.

"How long does this go on for?" Aden asked with his eyes closed trying to ignore the pain completely but it was so intense that it didn't work.

"I don't know, I'm sorry, I hope only for today" he told him and Aden sighed.

"Is this why you trained me? You think I'll have to fight people or something?" Aden asked as another bucket of water poured over his back; courtesy of Astrid.

"Yes, like I always say, I want you to fight no matter what" he told him.

"I'm scared" he told him then winced when a wave of heat came through him again.

"I know but we're right here" Hiccup assured him, Gobber walked into the house with Stoic and frowned at Aden who smiled but grimaced when the wave came again.

"I think I know what this is" Gobber told them "well, not in humans of course but in dragons" Gobber told them.

"Explain" Aden growled, he wasn't exactly in the mood to wait for things.

"Well when Dragons reach a certain age they have this well heating cycle, only happens in 2 year olds or 13 in human years, to start to control their fire they start to heat up on the outside."

"Normally it's very painful even for dragons but for a human, Aden, I'm sorry. Anyway, think of it as boiling a chicken egg, it has to heat up at extreme temperatures on the outside to burn on the inside."

"Once Aden's skin reaches about 1,000 degrees then that's when it will stay inside of him. Aden's half god so he'll be fine but after all this, like a dragon, he'll probably have a mechanism in his body for him to stand heat and possibly breathe fire" Gobber explained."

"You mean I have to reach 1,000 degrees before it's over?" Aden asked; letting out a groan when about a dozen heat waves came at once.

Astrid took two buckets and poured them over Aden's skin "better?" she asked him pushing his black hair out of his face.

"Slightly, I'm gonna be in pain all day, aren't I?" he asked Gobber.

"Well, look at the bright side, at least you aren't doin chores like the rest of the kids in village" Gobber replied smiling with his crooked teeth. In all honesty, that didn't make Aden better, big surprise. Stoic snorted at the remark.

The rest of Aden's day felt like hell on earth, around night-time was when his skin had probably reached its max. He was bright red and the gasping that he did before had now turned screams and he had a right to. His body was now searing hot and no amount of water or ice could make it better so all he could do was wait.

He stayed up all night till midnight until it suddenly died down, his skin seemed beat with his heart and his vision seemed to go foggy. He eventually curled up and fell asleep as he was so incredibly exhausted.

* * *

><p>It had been 3 weeks since Aden's 13th birthday and for the first time since; there was a commotion in the village. An exact number of 5 ships had docked at Berk and all wanted to see 'The Dragon

Conqueror'. Hiccup made his way down to docks, his explanation running in his head.<p>

Every one of the visitors all had children about 13 years old so Hiccup thought of the connection between these kids and his own. Each of the kids looked exhausted and weary, even though they all wore different expressions and all different they all looked tired.

Hiccup studied the kids.

"Kids and their guardians follow me" Hiccup told them and Stoic glared to make them obey. They climbed up the steep hill and kids all seemed happy to sit at the tables and relax. Astrid was quick to think and she handed Hiccup the book of dragons as well as the other copies of the classes.

Over the years they created 7 copies for each class of dragon as they felt it would help and each book was chocked full of information. Hiccup lined up the books on in the middle of the table for all to see and kids and their guardians seemed to look with fascination.

"These look familiar?" he asked and the kids started to talk all at once until Stoic cleared his throat and they fell silent.

"Well, one at a time, tell me why you're here" Hiccup said trying to keep his face passive as if he had no idea.

"And what you want to gain, if you're here to demand Berk of anything and planning on being freeloaders than you can get out now" Astrid added glaring.

"I guess I'll go first, my name is Tyson and I want to know why I have those 7 markings are on my back and I also want to learn how to control the- the boiling water" he explained, he was a short boy but had good stature and had blonde hair and very light blue eyes.

He wore a white hooded coat with green designs at the end of the sleeves and around the collar of his clothes. It looked Irish and he had a slew of arrows slung around his with a leather strap and then a bow set on the table.

Next, two twin boys stood up "I'm Ciar and this is my brother Finn" he told Hiccup.

"yup, and we're here becauseâ€| well shootin fire out of your hands without knowing how to control it is a littleâ€|" Finn showed frowning and Hiccup nodded. Both boys had dark red hair with gleaming black eyes that gave an air of mischief.

"Well, I guess I only needed to hear a bit of that, can I assume that all the kids that are 13 want to control this new-found power? And since their emblems on the backs started glowing during the heating process you recognized them from the book of dragons?" Hiccup asked.

All nodded "well, you can't learn anything over night, if I'm right-

"Which he usually is" Tuffnut cut in and Hiccup glared and he shut up with a smirk.

"Anyway, you have to learn this power sort of like a dragon does, with practice and growth and I'm pretty sure my village can't support this many people at once" Hiccup added.

"Then we'll send our guardians off" a girl told him with a determined look and the parents and guardians started argue loudly.

"Quiet! I've stayed quiet till now but this is my village to look after, Berk is full of dragons and people, we can't have 50 extra people hangin around doin nothin. You either leave your children here to train or take your children with you to leave."

"Either way, you respect this village or you answer to our dragons. Toothless" Stoic prompted and Toothless growled and screeched its battle cry which made everyone silent and slightly afraid. "Thank you, now decide tonight and whichever ya choose, ya leave in the morning after we have breakfast" Stoic explained.

Stoic and everyone else left besides the kids and guardians of them, "I think we ought to have some sort of boarding house to keep all these kids" Stoic told Hiccup.

"That's a good idea, I'll have all of us pitch in and the dragons" Hiccup replied.

* * *

><p>The next morning Aden finally woke up only find that everyone had gone to the great hall and he could hardly get up. Toothless had let Aden climb on his back and Aden lied on his stomach on his Toothless while he walked to the great hall. Toothless nudged on the door open and closed it with his tail and sniffed to find Hiccup while Aden watched the kids and adults that were there.<p>

Those kids watched him with wide eyes and the dragon too; all shocked that such a fierce creture would carry him. Hiccup turned around and saw Aden and smiled widely, despite that Hiccup wasn't that muscular. He picked him up from Toothless and hugged him "I'm glad you're awake, I've got some news to tell you" Hiccup told him.

Aden nodded and Hiccup set him on the floor, Aden stretched and sat at a table while Hiccup explained the events while he was asleep. "You mean they all have the marks?" he asked and Hiccup nodded.

"It seems that they all have marks for each the classes of dragon" he explained.

"That's no coincidence" Aden agreed nodding then looked back at the kids and it suddenly fell quiet as Stoic went to the front.

"Alright, I gave you the night, anyone staying can go stand by Hiccup and Aden at that table" Stoic told them.

Every single one of the kids stood up and sat at the table with their bags of clothes and such.

Gobber chuckled "looks like we have ourselves a bunch of stubborn kids, eh Stoic?" he asked.

Stoic nodded "well then, you can say good-bye and then we'll have to get these kids situated to their new quarters" Stoic dismissed them.

They all packed up their ships and the kids said good-bye all but one guardian who walked to Hiccup. The man was big and mean looking "that boy, Marcus, I won't be comin for him, you keep the bastard child" he told him. Hiccup's eyes went dark and he glared as the man walked off and got into his boat not looking back.

They left after saying good-bye and they all waved except for one of them, Hiccup suspected that this particular boy was Marcus. Marcus looked even more exhausted and Hiccup had a hunch that his own heating process wasn't so long ago as Aden's was.

Hiccup walked up to the boy "are you Marcus?" Hiccup asked, the boy nodded quietly. The boy was skinny and reminded Hiccup of himself, he also had dark black hair and very dark almost hypnotizing purple eyes. His face seemed very pale and the bags under this boy's eyes was more noticeable and the others.

The boy also wore baggy dark black pants and slightly frayed white shirt that made his skinny frame looked even thinner. Hiccup didn't like the thought of how his father treated him but there was nothing he could do.

Astrid made her way over to scrutinize the boy "how long ago did the heating process happen?" he asked.

The boy looked slightly scared of Astrid but she had that way with people "um, 3 weeks ago" he replied shrinking under Astrid's gaze.

Both Astrid's and Hiccup's eyes widened considerably "3 weeks?! You should be in bed!" Astrid yelled looking angry. Hiccup knew this wasn't a bad angry but a motherly anger, she picked Marcus up with a firm hand and carried him off toward their house.

"3 weeks" Astrid muttered as Marcus looked very thoroughly confused at his predicament and as to why she was angry.

The rest of the kids looked back at Astrid "she's a littleâ€|" one of the twins' trailed "nuts?" the other twin offered.

"That's my wife" Hiccup replied and the two looked terrified as they glanced at the Night fury at his side as if he would sick it on him. The rest also looked a little surprised even the stoic ones who glanced at Toothless wearily.

Hiccup laughed "don't worry, she can be scary but once you get know her then she's less likely to throw an axe at you" he explained. "This is my Night Fury, Toothless by the way" he told the group, Toothless walked toward the group curiously.

"Toothless? He's got massive teeth" one of the kids, this boy was tall and broad-shouldered for his age slightly short brown hair. He wore dark pants and a white shirt with straps across his chest that

seemed to hold a row of knives. He also had dark green eyes similar to his dragons

Toothless perked when the boy said his name and sniffed him curiously "they're retractable" Hiccup replied smiling at his dragon. Toothless smiled with gums so that the kids could see and they stared in awe.

"So, where are we staying?" one girl asked, she was short with chin length blonde hair was curled up at the ends slightly. Her eyes were a deep grey that were vibrant despite their intensity, she held her chin high smiling.

"In the new house we built, it's got a big table, 4 rooms, 2 big wash rooms; it's a good set up so there shouldn't be any complaints. We shouldn't need to babysit you guys so I'll send Toothless over to break up a fight if there is any" Hiccup told him showing them to their new house.

"We hope you like it, we decided to call 'Dragon Class manor'."

****Yay, 2nd chapter, if you like it or any suggestions on making it better please put in a review, PLEASE REVIEW****

3. Hiccup, the 'Dragon Conqueror'

It was finally time; everyone had anticipated the day that Hiccup would finally start everyone's training. Hiccup decided to postpone the training until everyone was healthy and at their very best. Everyone in Dragon Class Manor was now raring to go and all went the great hall to meet Hiccup.

"Hey Allan, you know that boy, Hiccup's son. What's his name again?" Tyson started to say, Allan was the tall, broad-shouldered boy and was very serious near all the time. He was intimidating but everyone seemed determined to break his ice.

"Aden" Allan replied.

"Yeah him, you think that he's one of us? You know the classes?" Tyson asked, the last few weeks the group of kids had started to give nicknames for things they didn't know what to call. They called themselves 'the classes' as they all had the emblems on their backs that were from dragon classes.

"I know so, I saw Hiccup and Aden sword fighting yesterday and it didn't seem to me that Hiccup would just pick a fight unless he had someone to train" Allan explained. "What? That's so not fair, we're not allowed to train with Hiccup yet but Aden is?" Allan complained frowning.

Allan stared ahead in thought "I think I know the reason, Aden seems to be way out of our league when it comes to fighting. At least to me, I've only started to learn about knife throwing from when I was 5 but Aden looks to me like he's been fighting since he could walk" Allan explained.

"Well, I'm not much of a sword fighter but I'd still like to attempt

a sword duel with Hiccup, too" Tyson replied. They entered the hall to find everyone else sitting at the same table and sat down. Allan purposely sat next to Aden who looked at Allan curiously.

Aden smiled at him "I'm Aden, according to Hiccup I'm a Strike class because of the marks on my back" he replied. Allan nodded "Allan and I'm not sure what mine means" he replied, he seemed embarrassed by this fact.

"I could probably tell you but I'm sure Hiccup's going to tell you in a moment, anyway" he explained.

The girl next to them, a girl with dark blood-red hair and red eyes looked over to them "I'm Kenna, can you tell me about some of the classes?" she asked. Aden smiled "sure, which one?" he asked, she looked sheepish for a second when she blushed "uhâ€¦ just tell me about yours" she told him.

"Sure, as the book of dragons explains the Strike class dragons are always shown to have vice-like jaw strength, pin point accuracy, lightning speed, and extreme intelligence. My personal favorite in that class is Toothless, he's a Night Fury, said to be the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. Before the dragon wars were over, no one had ever seen a Night fury before. Bork the Bold's advice for that was hiding and pray it doesn't find you" Aden explained.

Suddenly the entire table was tuning in on Aden's story "whoa, so how did Hiccup find him?" Ciar asked, Aden chuckled. "It's a long story so I hope you guys can sit there a bit" Aden told him then he started to into the tale.

"It was a time of chaos according to my Grandfather, Stoic and the dragons were eating everything but the Vikings were no easy feat. In that time, Vikings were even scarier than they are now; Hiccup was seen as a weakling.

"He was a misfit because he wasn't huge and had a lot of muscle; he was clever though and made this contraption that threw traps. They'd wrap around a dragon to immobilize them, so Hiccup sneaks away from his god father, Gobber.

"He waits and then he sees Toothless, it's incredibly hard to see but the Night fury went down with a screech of its battle cry. Hiccup is triumphant but little does he know there's a Monstrous Nightmare behind him!"

"Hiccup is nearly eaten and half destroys the town by knocking a column down in the process of getting away. Stoic has him brought back to the house, he's always been looked down on by everyone and Stoic was always disappointed in Hiccup before."

"The next day Hiccup goes looking for it, he looks all over the forest and finally he finds the crash site. It's like a meteor crashed because there's broken trees and there's a skid in the dirt. He sees the night fury and thinks it's dead until he puts his foot on it."

"It starts moving and he raises up his knife to kill it but he looks into the eyes of the night fury. It's not a monster, it's as scared

as he was, he looked into those eyes and saw himself. The night fury closed his eyes and lays his head thinking that he'd finally met his end."

"Hiccup starts cutting the ropes that bind this incredible beast, when he's free the night fury launches himself at Hiccup. He's pinned against the rock, wide-eyed thinking that it was going to eat or kill him but perhaps the dragon is thinking the same thing and it only roars its mighty roar and tears deeper into the forest" Aden told them all.

Everyone looks amazed "that can't be it, there's gotta be more" ILA, the short blonde haired girl prompted. Aden nodded "there's an entire story to it" he told them.

"And you can tell them that story tonight but now, we've gotta focus" everyone jumped when Hiccup entered.

Everyone groaned when they weren't allowed to finish the story but were ready to listen to Hiccup "those emblems means something, and to find out what they mean we're gonna look over the books" he told them.

"I'll start with the first class and if you recognize the class that matches the one on your back tell Astrid and we'll start making files for each of you" he told them pointing to Astrid "except for Aden, of course" he added and Aden just shrugged.

They started off in the order of the book starting with Stoker class and then working their way down all the way to Strike class. Everyone listened intently and watched for each of their classes and seemed amazed when they found out their class.

"And finally, the Strike class, these dragons demonstrate lightning fast speed, pin point accuracy, vice-like jaw strength, and extreme intelligence. For example, the Night fury, Toothless is among the fastest dragons in recorded Viking history."

"There's another in this category it's called the Skrill, with a spiked tail and back it's normally only seen during thunder and lightning storms. Just standing close to a Skrill will make your hair stand on end with static electricity, it's also known to shoot white fire" Hiccup explained.

The class were fascinated the entire time but suddenly ILA raised her hand "do you think that depending on the marks on our backs we'll have some of the power that the dragons in our class have?" she asked.

Hiccup sat on the table behind thinking a moment "it's possible but remember that I'm not exactly an expert on this stuff either despite knowing about dragons" he replied.

"So, we could have the same power as these dragons?" Tyson asked excitedly.

"I only said that it might happen so there's no definite answer" Hiccup told them firmly giving them his very serious look. They also went serious as an effect and Hiccup looked at Astrid and gestured her forward. She stood at the front looking at the book she had in

her hands.

"Mystery class: Marcus

"Starting Monday with just Hiccup, sorry no one else is available for an expert on this class" she told Marcus who blushed and shrugged looking at the table.

"Boulder class: Allan

Starting Tuesday with Hiccup and Fishlegs as coaches" Allan kept his stoic look and seriousness but the nervousness showed as he gripped the table and his knuckles turned white.

"Fear class: Ciar and Finn

Starting Wednesday with Hiccup and Ruffnut and Tuffnut; how's that for irony?" she added to Hiccup who chuckled. The twin's high-fived and looked excited to start.

"Sharp class: ILA

"Starting Thursday with Hiccup and me" she read off winking at ILA who smiled looking confident, tossing her blonde locks over her shoulder.

"Tidal class: Tyson

"Starting Friday with Hiccup and Stoic" she read, Tyson looked happy then suddenly very pale as he thought of having to learn from the scary chief of Berk.

Stoker class: Kenna

"Starting Saturday with Hiccup and Snotlout" she read off, Kenna perked up her red hair gleaming from the torch-light.

"Strike class: Aden

"Starting Sunday with Hiccup" Astrid finished looking at all the kids "well, you start the mornings I told you but the rest of the days you'll be doing chores" Astrid explained and they all started complaining except Aden, Marcus and Allan.

They were all used to doing chores in their homes "don't complain, we all think that giving you chores will heighten the need for responsibility and the chores we're giving you are sure to up your body's strength and stamina" she added.

* * *

><p>"Fire was gaining on Hiccup's falling body, Toothless had lost his tail fin that allowed him to fly so the only thing he could do was flap down ward toward him" Aden explained dramatically at the camp fire outside of the Dragon Class Manor. Toothless had decided to tag along and acted out all of what Aden was saying.<p>

Toothless spread his wings out "The fire engulfed them and nothing could be seen through the smoke and ash covering it. Finally, something did show through, Toothless was lying on his side wings

wrapped around his body" Aden explained, everyone leaned in.

"They had done it! They had killed the Queen but where was Hiccup? Toothless opened his massive wings painfully as he was weakened with hitting the ground and risking his life. Hiccup was unconscious in the middle but alive—he had lost his leg that day but in exchange he was hero" Aden finished.

Toothless went on his hind legs and puffed its dragon chest out then made a thump when he went on all four again. Aden laughed as Toothless nuzzled him and everyone clapped at the end of the story "you're a good story-teller" Tyson told him looking at Toothless.

"Thanks, I think Toothless thinks so too—stop, that tickles" he told Toothless who licked his cheek "you seem closer to Toothless than Astrid and Stoic, why is that?" Allan asked curiously. Aden cocked his head and Toothless curled around Aden pulling him close and nuzzling his back.

"Well, I guess Toothless thinks of me like a hatchling" he replied and they all frowned in confusion "hang on let me explain, Dragons every few years go and lay their eggs and when they're born they're called Hatchlings or baby dragons."

"Anyway, with dragons it doesn't matter if the dragon is of a different species or anything, dragons will protect any young dragon. I've known Toothless pretty much my whole life and he used to carry me around in his mouth by my clothes so that would explain it" Aden added.

"So, like a mother?" Finn asked smirking and then laughing.

"You wouldn't be laughing if you had something as scary as Toothless launch itself at you, besides, Toothless is a boy so he's more a 'Scary-daddy-don't-date-my-daughter' kind of Dragon" ILA pointed out making them laugh.

"But what about whole growling at us when we first arrived?" Ciar asked.

"Dragons are territorial but these dragons think of the humans on this island as a sort of territory so when something is threatening the people on the island than they get a little hostile because they have a need to protect. But once they know you're trust worthy than you sort of become part of their territory or what they need to protect. Toothless wouldn't be so relaxed if any of you weren't to be trusted" he added rubbing Toothless' head. Toothless crooned in response.

"How do they know?" Marcus asked barely loud enough for Aden to hear.

"I'm not sure really but I think they've got some sort of sixth sense like other animals do, you know how they can predict the weather and all well I think that dragons are like that too" he explained.

Marcus nodded thinking when Toothless lifted his head toward Marcus tilting his head curiously 'you better go to sleep soon, you have

training tomorrow' a deep and soothing voice said in Marcus head. Marcus jumped, gasping but no one seemed to notice so he shook his head thinking it was his imagination.

"Well uh g-good night" he told them and then headed to his room, out of them all he was the only one who got his own room. He didn't mind but it made him feel separated from everyone, even in his old village he was cut off from them.

His father, who wasn't really his birth father, hated him and made sure to make Marcus cut off from everyone. He was often hiding from his 'father' because he did something wrong or something he didn't do at all. He was good at hiding, he was silent, sneaky and he was sure that the people here wouldn't like him either if they ever found out.

That Astrid woman seemed really mad at him a few weeks ago; she ordered him to sleep and made him drink leafy drinks that were medicine. He didn't really understand but he was grateful for the food she made even if it was slightly over cooked.

By the way, if you would like to know how to pronounce ILA's name it's Eye-lah.

PLEASE REVIEW

4. The Changwing

Marcus curled up as the cold touched his feet; he groaned then pulled the sheets closer; the morning Berk air was always so cold no matter the season. "Wake up, Marcus" Allan called from the door, Marcus flew upright eyes wide.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll get up just please don't hit me!" he pleaded; Allan's eyes went wide and confused as he stepped back.

"Hit you? Why would I?..." Allan trailed, he realized Marcus was half asleep and he walked up shook him for a second and Marcus seemed to come to his senses.

"Marcus, you've got training in an hour" Allan told him, still holding onto Marcus's thin shoulders 'they're so bony' Allan thought letting go. Marcus got up from the bed and Allan walked with him to breakfast where everyone was already seated.

He quietly sat down while Allan seemed to be staring at Marcus who sunk down in his seat. "Stop glaring at him, Allan, you're scaring him" Tyson commented, Allan turned to Tyson and truly glared at Tyson.

"I wasn't glaring" he argued.

"Oh, you're right, I forget your face is stuck that way" Tyson replied smirking and leaning on his hand while Allan growled then bit into his food chewing angrily.

Allan resolved to just eating but then turned to Marcus who perked slightly at his stare "soâ€¦ do you have any uhâ€¦ powers yet?" Allan

asked.

Marcus stiffened, looking uncomfortable then shook his head "bummer, I was thinking that that one dragon can blend in would make a cool power" Tyson mentioned.

Marcus shrugged then stood up from "you're not gonna eat anything?" ILA asked as he headed to the door, she frowned looking worried.

His face burned "I'm nervous" he admitted and ILA frowned then nodded smiling "good luck" she told him, he allowed himself a small smile. He then headed toward the dragon training ring, he entered slowly not quite sure what to expect.

'_You don't have to be nervous, Hiccup is always friendly'_ the same soothing and deep voice he swore he heard yesterday came into his ears. He looked around to find Toothless walking toward him looking curious. _'What is your name?_' the dragon stared at him while the voice spoke but Marcus knew it was Toothless.

"Marcus" he replied in numb shock _'very well, Marcus, my partner will not harm you; he knows you have never fought before'_ he told him. Marcus relaxed a bit and the color came back into his face making not the pale green color it was before.

"Marcus" Hiccup's voice spoke this time and Marcus stiffened again.

"Relax, I'm not going to make you start fighting now, I just want to see what you can do" he told him calmly.

He relaxed but shifted his weight where he stood "not much" he admitted to Hiccup though there was one thing he didn't want Hiccup to know.

"That's alright, Marcus, I couldn't either" Hiccup replied smiling.

"But you're a hero and a sword fighter" Marcus argued.

"I wasn't before, I learned sword fighting because I had to protect something, I was protecting Aden and soon I won't have to anymore" Hiccup explained.

'_Just do your best'_ Toothless told him "anyway, just pick up a weapon and show what you can do, I'll go easy on you" Hiccup told him. Marcus nodded then looked at the weapons then picked up the axe which turned out to be too heavy and he dropped it.

"Sorry" Marcus told Hiccup.

"It's fine; I have all day, just test them out if you want" Hiccup told him.

Marcus bit his lip then pick up a sword and turned to Hiccup.

"You won't go fast?" he asked Hiccup.

"I promise I won't" he replied.

Marcus watched the way Hiccup held his sword and did the same; Hiccup went slowly at Marcus who blocked as he has seen before when he watched Aden and Hiccup duel. As they went on, they picked up the pace and Hiccup was going at medium speed with Marcus actually holding his own.

"Stop!" Hiccup called and Marcus jumped and held the sword at his side, Hiccup looked confused and a little awed. "Marcus, have you ever used a sword before?" he asked, he shook his head. "No one's ever showed you how?" Hiccup asked skeptical and Marcus shook his head again.

"I watched you and Aden duel before, I just copied the steps that you guys did" Marcus replied.

Hiccup was quiet for a few minutes then smiled a little. "Marcus, is there anything else you saw?" Hiccup asked and Marcus frowned in confusion.

"Like, anyone throw weapons, launch arrows?" Hiccup clarified, Marcus thought for a second.

"I did see Tyson's target practice" he answered. Hiccup walked over to the weapons and handed him the bow and arrows.

"Try it" he dared, Marcus fumbled nervously then set the bag of arrows down after grabbing an arrow.

He pictured how Tyson had done it and placed his hand slightly lower than the middle of the bow and pulled the arrow back. The feather part was aligned with his cheek and his elbow pulled back, a perfect copy of Tyson's form. He then found his target, a wooden painted target; he then let go and it was scary accurate.

It hit dead center and he stared in disbelief at what his clumsy hands had done. Hiccup walked up to Marcus and smiled "Marcus, thank to you, now we know that those marks do have something to do with the dragons. You're like a changewing, you can mimic thing you see and know how to do something," Hiccup explained.

'_Impressive, I don't believe I've met a changewing before'_ Toothless added. Marcus was still in shock and sat down on a chair to think it over.

"Now what? So I can copy a few things, this doesn't change anything," Marcus mentioned whispered. He couldn't bring himself to be proud; he was always a mistake before.

He shouldn't have been born, he shouldn't have been in that village, and he shouldn't have stayed in this place. Soon, they would know, they would all know what sort of person he was; how stupid and selfish. He should have left when he got the chance but he didn't want that, he wanted to stay here, he liked the people on this island.

He feared that they would hate him if they knew the truth; he deserved to be hated, probably. "Marcus, let's try and see if you've got any fire" Hiccup told him then explained the possible ways to do it when Toothless' voice slipped into his head.

* * *

><p>'Hatchling, Stand your ground, don't think about it just close your eyes and feel the fire. Like feeling your heart beat, stop resisting and when you can hear your heart then tune into your fire.'

Marcus suddenly could hear his heart; he could hear his veins, the dirt under his feet crackle. He could hear the wind, the slow drabble of Hiccup and he felt the tug in his hands; the heat burned at first then it felt good.

He opened his eyes then opened his hand towards the target and aimed, the purple fire was launched at the target which burst into flames. This was different than the last he had done it, the last time it hurt and he had screamed in agony.

The last time, he had lain in the forest for days; nursing the burnt hand by sticking it in the shallow stream. He went hungry for a long time until he saw something, something huge and a little scary above him.

At first he saw nothing and then a dragon, it was thin and long but it curiously sauntered up to him. Sniffing his hand and licking his hand which felt better afterwards, he heard it speak; he swore he did 'What awful sire's you have to leave you as such a young hatchling.' The dragon's voice was intelligent and female, more than a little rough.

He didn't scream or run because he couldn't get up, his hunger had worn him down and he didn't want to live.

"_I want to die" he whispered to the dragon, hoping that maybe the dragon would put him out of his misery. The dragon only tilted its head and sniffed him again then used its claw to lift his shirt to look at his marks that his father had told him were evil._

_The dragon curled around him like a mother would 'that's an awful thing to want, hatchling, why?' she asked. Marcus curled into her warm scales _

"I did something that can't ever be forgiven."

* * *

><p>Marcus stared at the burning target in awe then went a deep red with shame "I'm sorry" he blurted to Hiccup.<p>

Hiccup started laughing grinning "that was great! Perfect progress, good job, next time we'll work on control" Hiccup told him smiling.

From then, Hiccup allowed Marcus to go.

Why was everyone always so nice to him here? To tell the truth it both hurt and warmed him inside, he liked it to have friends but he remembered what he did that night. He was so scared of it all even if his father left him and he would never go back to the village again.

He walked up the trail not noticing that Toothless was beside him not 'speaking', Marcus kept walking not paying attention when he hit a wall. But it made an 'oof' sound so Marcus deduced that it was not, in fact, a wall. Marcus looked up with his deep purple eyes to find Allan "I'm sorry" Marcus stammered out.

Allan seemed to be debating something then sighed loudly "I'm not- I'm not mad at you; you- I don't mean to glare at you, sorry" he gritted out. Marcus blinked, Allan's words didn't exactly match his tone but he believed him.

"That's okay" he replied slightly puzzled at the sudden comment.

"Right" Allan muttered 'I'm an idiot, why'd I worry about it so much?' Allan thought.

"So how was training?" Allan asked as a change of topic.

"I dropped an axe" Marcus replied. Allan tried to picture skinny Marcus holding a huge heavy axe and the mask of seriousness threatened to dissolve as he held back a laugh.

"Oh, anything else?" he asked and Marcus looked hesitant, Allan bit his tongue so he wouldn't yell 'spit it out, already. "I can mimic things like a changewing; if I see something I can copy it" Marcus said quickly hoping he didn't sound like he was bragging so he decided to hold back the fire.

"Like, looks orâ€¦"

"No, actions, I hit the bulls eye with an arrow from watching Tyson" Marcus replied, Allan raised his eyebrows and he smiled only slightly.

"That's great, Allan, any fire yet?" he asked, taking a friendly tone that Allan didn't normally use.

Marcus' good mood for those few minutes were shattered, the light in his purple eyes died and he looked very sad. Allan felt like he was struck by lightning and he wanted to bang his head against a Gronkle. Why was it that every time he talked to Marcus he always said something that made him upset?

More importantly, why did he care? He wasn't close to Marcus in any way shape or form. Marcus was a mystery to all of them, unintentionally appropriate to his class. Mystery class; the two of those dragons were both incredibly strange and they didn't know how they worked.

The Bonenapper had never been seen without its protective coat of bones to shield him from dangers. Bonenappers were apparently OCD like and spent their young lives finding the perfect coat of armor. Which made Allan wonder if Marcus was like that at all, it did seem like Marcus kept thoughts to himself hardly sharing.

Then there was the other dragon in that category, the changewing, no one was sure what its true form was. Always changing skins and colors, hiding but always there to learn new things. It was curious and Allan knew that. Marcus too, though he was less bold about

asking questions.

He'd seen Marcus read the book of the dragons himself even after the presentation Hiccup gave. Marcus was also very annoying, not in the way that Tyson was either. Marcus was annoying in the 'god, would you just say something already!' kind of way.

He'd bite his lip, shift in his seat, stare at the time, look up once, and even tilt his head and a lot of times he still wouldn't ask what he wanted to ask. It annoyed him to no end because then he'd be wondering what Marcus wanted to ask and then he'd have to ask what he needed.

Then Allan would lose his temper and Marcus would start looking like a kicked puppy. It was becoming very repetitive and he had no clue why he kept getting so angry at him.

Well, he was determined not to lose his temper anymore; he could punch a tree later rather than blowing up like usual. Tyson seemed to love the idea that he could annoy Allan who normally could ignore people if they bothered him.

ILA was also starting to wear him out or maybe it was just that he was meant to get along well with people in general. He wasn't social when he was a little kid or even now, he grew up in the snowy mountains. He was always far away from people and the only times he actually talked were to his Uncle, who trained him to throw knives and other objects.

His dad had died from a bad sickness when he was 3 and so his Uncle took him in and although he was tough on him, his uncle cared very much. His uncle was caught off guard incredibly on Allan's 13th birthday, he was unaware of what was happening his uncle thought he was dying.

He spotted the 7 marks on Allan's back glowing bright silver and brought out the book of dragons. Allan thought that the stories of dragons and how there was one famous one called 'The Dragon conqueror' were just myths. That is, until they were a 3rd of the way to Berk and they spotted the dragon, Allan had described the dragon to Hiccup had told him it was a 'Typhoomerang.'

It left a trail of sparks in the air which Allan was amazed by the ferocity and beauty of this dragon. The closer they got to Berk the more the dragons appeared. His favorite dragon, which he had yet to see, was the changewing. He found its powers and scales fascinating and he went into the forest quite a few times to attempt to spot it.

He had yet to get any luck but he knew he would eventually see it because he had very good eyesight despite the fact that his class seemed to suggest bad eyesight. He guessed not everything matched up with his class.

****Sorry this took a while to update but I hope you like this and THE PLOT THICKENS!****

5. Shattering the barrier

Allan glanced at Marcus as the positively tiny boy as he stared off into space, Marcus had a habit of doing that and every time he'd do it, he'd bite his lips. ILA warned Marcus that it was a terrible habit and that he should stop but Marcus didn't ever realize that he was doing it.

"For Odin's sake Marcus!" ILA voice startled Marcus into snapping out of his day dream and looking startled. Not surprising since Marcus was frightened of everyone but also because ILA scared everyone when she shouted.

"You don't need to shout, ILA, poor Marcus is shaking" Tyson joked touching Marcus' shoulder.

"No, I'm not" Marcus replied boldly, everyone seemed to cease their talking and stared at Marcus. Marcus went a triple shade of red "I-I-" he tried to stammer an apology but Tyson grinned and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Wow, looks like Marcus does have some dragon in him" they turned to find Aden leaning in the door way. Completely dressed in his attire along with the belts he wore around thin but lean waist.

"Why are you up so early?" Finn asked grumpily, he was not an early bird which was the exact opposite of his brother, Ciar. Ciar was up in the morning but tired in the night time, two sides of a coin.

"Training" Aden replied nonchalantly then grabbed an apple from the bowl in the middle; Aden was like a leader to the 8 teens. It was a good fit for Aden's personality; he was always calm and cool but energetic. Always in a good mood for practically anything and that earned him respect for he was also a hard worker.

"What? You still get to train with Hiccup?" Tyson complained.

Aden raised an eyebrow "you seem to be missing the point that Hiccup is my dad" he pointed out to Tyson.

"That's favoritism!" Tyson argued uselessly.

"It's called training since I was 3 years old and could knock you flat on the ground-ism" Aden countered.

Marcus smiled a little at that while Tyson sulked slightly "by the way, Marcus and Allan, you're supposed to be half way to Dragon Training" Aden added.

"What?" Allan shouted getting up quickly.

"Ah um- why me?" Marcus asked.

Aden grinned "you'll find out, c'mon, I'm supposed to go with you" Aden added.

They all took off to the Dragon Training where Hiccup stood waiting for them with Toothless next to him. There was also a big man standing next to him with a gronkle at his side, he wore a furry tunic and Viking helmet.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow "nice of you to show up, Aden; stop scaring Marcus with the secrets" he added.

Marcus was paler than usual and his face was a pale and kind of green "sorry Marcus, calm down, I was just asked to teach you to sword fight while Allan is training" he informed Marcus. Marcus didn't look relieved in fact he looked even worse and Aden frowned wondering if Hiccup was sure about sword fighting.

"Well uh, c'mon Marcus" Aden spoke up then lead Marcus away from the arena after grabbing a sword for Marcus to use. Marcus followed nervously, looking like he'd seriously jump a cliff to get out of his situation.

Allan watched them leave then looked to Hiccup who smiled "okay, Allan, all you have to do is show me what you know for now. Pick a weapon or use your own and show me what you can do" Hiccup explained.

"Um okay" Allan agreed nervously picking up a knife and facing the newly made wooden target. He breathed in and out and concentrated and threw it.

The knife sailed through the air like a bullet, hitting straight in the middle of the target leaving Hiccup smiling at him. Allan smiled proudly "okay, good, so you've got your weapon of choice; now I'm going to show you to throw under pressure" Hiccup explained.

"By the way, this is my friend; Fishlegs and his dragon, Meatlug" Hiccup introduced; I looked at the two of them.

"Uh hi, Allan?" he asked looking from to Hiccup unsure.

"We're going to do that by throwing things at you" Hiccup added.

"What?" Allan asked confused.

"Don't worry, we won't really hit you, not on purpose" Hiccup mentioned as an afterthought which didn't help Allan. "Anyway, you're going to start throwing at the targets while we start throwing" Hiccup explained.

"But I don't get it-"

"Start" Hiccup said and they both started throwing the random objects just barely missing Allan while he attempted to throw them. He missed a great majority and it was very stressful, suddenly he whipped around on instinct when a wooden block was heading for his stomach.

It was too fast to avoid it and it hit him hard in the stomach but for some odd reason, it didn't hurt, not one bit. "You alright, Allan?" Hiccup asked as they stopped throwing the wooden blocks.

"Um yeahâ€¦" Allan trailed then lifted his shirt to for a bruise but he let out a choked sound when he saw what happened.

His skin had become like a layer of rock, he touched it and it did, in fact feel exactly like rock; he stared at his stomach and wondered

if it was permanent when part of it faded.

Hiccup and Fishlegs had seen it and both were silent "cool" Fishlegs muttered while Allan got up, still in shock.

Hiccup was silent for quite a while "can you try to do that on purpose?" he asked Allan stared at his hand then forced his mind to think of protection like before. The rock spread through his body and he stared at his arm, it was like armor.

Hiccup grinned knowingly then "well then, let's see what else you got."

* * *

><p>Aden tossed the sword to Marcus who grabbed it by the hilt still looking incredibly nervous. Marcus considered Aden scarier than Hiccup. It was always the kids his own age that disliked him; it was crueller when because he left out of everything.<p>

He'd never gotten to join in on the games the kids in his village played, always given some excuse why he was never allowed to play. He knew the truth, though, so he stopped trying. He avoided people; he was a coward, that's what he did.

Aden stared at Marcus, studying him then he held his sword a certain way and understood what his dad meant by mimicking because Marcus did the same. He stepped one way and Marcus did the same, Marcus possessed a very powerful gift.

* * *

><p>"Aden, I want you to help me" Hiccup spoke up looking serious.

"_What is it?" Aden asked sitting up straighter at the determined tone of Hiccup._

"_I need you to help me help Marcus, Marcus is a talented boy with so much potential with the powers he's showed so far and he can only get better but he needs something important to get better. He needs confidence, something that's hard to earn and it can't be temporary either. He needs to feel in his heart that confidence" Hiccup explained._

"_What can I do about that, though?" Aden asked._

"_I want you to shatter his barriers, find him out, and make him tell you everything about himself. It could make him or break him but if we leave him like this then he'll break eventually."_

* * *

><p>Aden launched himself at Marcus who blocked him and parried it away then stepped backward. "So Marcus, what was your old village like?" Aden asked, start out with easy questions then get deeper.<p>

"Good" Marcus replied staring at the ground but he didn't have time to avoid Aden's gaze because Aden took a swipe at him.

Marcus avoided it and kept dodging the continued sword swipes "c'mon, you've got to have some story about it" Aden prompted.

"N-Not really" Marcus replied strained.

"Tell me, Marcus" Aden said seriously, Marcus was a pro when it came to avoiding questions when not asked directly so Aden supposed that kind of approach wouldn't work.

"W-What do you mean?" Marcus asked; Aden and he kept fighting; the tension in Marcus' body didn't seem to make reckless like most. Marcus just got better now that he was off guard; everything that he was doing was instinct.

Aden knew why now, why his dad had told him about Marcus, he was so talented and everything that he had would go to waste without confidence. He wouldn't be a reliable team mate and without Marcus becoming confident himself, no one could be confident in Marcus.

"Marcus, you're hiding something, please tell me what it is" Marcus was sickly pale and shaking but that made his movements faster. Aden picked up the pace along with him; Marcus and him were on a large hill with a drop off just behind Marcus.

"No, no, no, you would hate me" Marcus said shaking his head while gripping the sword like a lifeline.

"No I wouldn't" Aden said firmly staring at Marcus' eyes, willing him to tell him everything.

"But I-" Marcus stared at the ground while Aden stared at him and Marcus dropped his sword.

"I was s-seven years old"

* * *

><p>Marcus stared at the not even a year old puppy; it was very small and skinny like he was except that he wasn't tied to a tree with a rope pulled tight around his neck. The dog was so skinny that its ribs poked through and its fur was dirty and caked with mud.

The kids in his village had tied it up and started being rough with it; Marcus had a plan to free the poor thing as soon as the boys had left. The boys were bullies and Marcus hated bullies, he wasn't the strongest person in his village but he was quicker and cleverer than them.

He was by a house then, a cabin really where Hannel lived with his slave who was Marcus' age; his name was Lindiwe. Hannel was a rich man who traded many places and rarely came back to town but he always came with Lindiwe.

_Marcus had never spoken with Hannel or Lindiwe but he knew that the boys in the village were always shouting things at Lindiwe when he came out to clean or chop wood. Hannel was a tough man, tall and lean with big hands but Hannel had never hit Lindiwe or been rude like

others in his village that had slaves._

Marcus had asked his father once who responded that Hannel was a fool to trust 'that animal.' Marcus had learned to keep his mouth shut about everything to his father then. He could never think of Lindiwe as that though, no matter what anyone said.

Hannel hadn't come back to his home yet otherwise he would have stopped the boys' behavior towards to the pup. Marcus stood perfectly still so the boys wouldn't notice him behind the tree but almost gasped when he saw the boys ganging up on Lindiwe.

_The oldest boy, Connor pushed Lindiwe down and they started clicking and the smaller boys who were cowards as far as Marcus was concerned threw rocks. Marcus groaned as he threw a glance at the dog then at the scene, he sighed heavily. _

He ran out from behind the tree and ran fast at Connor. Marcus balled up his fist and drew back and hit him hard in the jaw. The boy hit the ground and slid across the gravel, the shocked boys stumbled back staring at Marcus.

"_Cowards! All of you!" he yelled loudly, his eyes taking on a disgusted look toward all of them. The boys all stood back except for Connor on the ground who stood up. He tackled Marcus and they rolled on the dirt tearing at each other's faces and punching._

Then, it happened, he was pinned down by the boy and his hands started burning; purple searing fire shot out of his hands. It was wild fire and Connor that he'd burned with the fire let out an agonized scream but so did Marcus. He stood up baking away from Connor but the fire wouldn't stop coming out of his hand.

When it did, it was too late; hitting the trees, the cabin, and it spread impossibly fast; Connor's face didn't have the fire anymore but he still screamed. Lindiwe stared at Marcus and he stepped back in numb shock. He turned around and ran as fast as he could, the trees still burning behind him and the boys all staring.

* * *

><p>Aden stared at Marcus for a very long time, how long had Marcus held this in? How long had he gone without someone telling him 'it's okay.' Why did Marcus suffer this long when he had entire village, Aden wanted to hate Marcus' village.<p>

He wanted to go there and burn the rest of it down but he couldn't do that. Marcus needed to find the confidence was if he found it himself. Aden knew what he had to do and it was going to hurt him a whole lot when he did.

"You're a coward" Aden told him, Marcus looked like he'd been cut; like someone had taken a sword and shoved it through his heart. Aden wanted to put a shank in his own heart because of the look Marcus gave him.

"But-"

"You're stupid if you thought anything but that, a coward scared to face his own village because of guilt" Aden told him. Odin, this

better work.

Marcus looked incredibly hurt but suddenly he looked angry "I was running because they hated me!" he yelled. Excuses, Aden deduced.

"So what?" Aden asked.

"I was running because I hated me! Everyone does!" Marcus yelled himself hoarse with more and more excuses then he went silent.

In all this time, the tears hadn't stopped streaming from Marcus' eyes and Aden was forced to keep a passive face. "I know" he whispered to Aden who then met his eyes.

"I know I'm a coward but what do you want me to do?" Marcus asked Aden, it was strange then because in the weeks that Aden got to know him. Marcus had never looked braver than he did right now.

"Are you really a coward?" Aden asked him calmly.

It was then that Marcus stood up looking confused then balled his hands into tight fists then brought his fist up and made contact with Aden cheek bone.. Aden's eyes widened as he found himself on the grass with a smarting cheek.

"NO! No, I'm not a coward anymore! I came all the way to Berk, bared that heating process, shot purple fire, and I can fight you. I'm not a coward" Marcus confirmed.

Aden got up slowly rubbing his cheek then smiled "glad to hear you finally get it" he replied.

Marcus looked confused "what do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, I set this little sparring match to gain you some confidence" Aden explained.

Marcus startled to turn very red "oh Thor, I punched you" he said in dismay.

"Yeah wellâ€¦I guess I can forgive you once" Aden replied.

Marcus was about to reply when they both heard power wings flap and a dragon landed behind him. Aden's eyes widened considerably, he'd only seen one of these dragons once for they were near as rare as a Night Fury.

Marcus turned to find the Changewing from his past right there; he knew it was her because her eyes were more catlike than the pictures of the dragons in the book.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, he didn't think she'd ever given him her name.

'_I'll explain later but you have two human friends in need of attention, both have not eaten for the many days on my back for they were foolish enough not to pack enough food'_ she replied to him.

Marcus eyes went enormous "friends?" Marcus asked looking utterly confused; he'd never had friends in the past. The dragon huffed looking impatient '_hatchling, is it more important to help someone of the same kind from death or to know if they were friends?_' she asked.

Marcus finally registered what she said and nodded "w-where are they?" he asked and the dragon picked both Marcus and Aden with her claws and flew them off. Aden yelled in shock and held onto her scaly claws looking at the far away ground.

"I though you were used to flying?" Marcus shouted as loud as he could to get Aden to hear. Aden to him with tears in his eyes looking terrified.

"I'm not afraid of flying on a dragons back but this is different! And I have a question!" Aden shouted back.

"What?!" Marcus replied.

"SINCE WHEN CAN YOU SPEAK DRAGONESE?!"

Hello, hope you enjoyed it! If you'd like I have the
GUARDIAN/CHARACTER PROFILE IF YOU HAVE A HARD REMEMBERING
THE_** CHARACTERS** _WHICH IS ON MY PROFILE ON THE BOTTOM!

6. A prophecy of war

Allan breathed hard with his hands on his knees; Hiccup could be a real slave driver; ever since Hiccup had learned of his two abilities Hiccup had found every difficult way to perfect them. Allan of course figure out ways to bring the rock like armor out on his own.

He also figured out that he could light rocks on fire and blast them like Fishleg's Gronkle could. Hiccup acted like he was opponent that Allan needed to beat using only his powers. It had stripped him of nearly all his energy and he wanted to topple over and sleep.

Hiccup was in front of him now and Allan looked at his instructor, Hiccup was his own height but Allan would eventually be taller than him. Hiccup smiled brightly making Allan feel rewarded inside "great job, Allan, let's go find out if Aden knocked some sense into Marcus" Hiccup mentioned.

"Considering that Aden's a level 10 on sword fighting and Marcus is level 0 on experience level; Aden probably beat him in their fight" Fishlegs mentioned. He had a habit of doing that which somewhat annoyed Allan always shouting out what level or points Allan had.

"That's not what I meant, Aden wasn't doing a physical duel, he was doing a mental duel" Hiccup replied. Allan thought about what that meant, Marcus wasn't strong on an emotional level on any means at all.

"You mean that Marcus' is probably crying by now" Allan asked looking insanely worried all of a sudden then started running toward the cliff. He frowned then looked back at Hiccup and Fishlegs, Toothless moved forward sniffing the ground where they were nowhere to be

seen.

Aden breathed hard when they hit the ground, Marcus went to Aden whose body shook "Aden are you scared of heights?" Marcus asked. Aden hid his eyes with his dark locks and he stood up looking at Marcus, Aden's face was very red.

"Go ahead, laugh, the 'Dragon Conqueror's' son is scared of heights" he told him bitterly tears welling up slightly. Marcus' eyes went huge then he smiled and laughed a little.

"I'm glad" Marcus told him and Aden turned to Marcus in confusion and then brushed the little tears away. His blush didn't diminish at all however "you're not perfect, Aden, I just realized that. I know it's strange to change so quickly but for the first time in my life I know that it's okay to make mistakes and have flaws" Marcus told Aden.

Aden smiled relaxing "you're right Mark" Aden added, Marcus blinked then smiled too.

'_Please! This is all very touching but your friends need help!_' the dragon told them and they turned to find two boys their own age lying on the docks looking pale and a dog that looked half starved but still stayed by the boys. Marcus ran over and Aden followed; Marcus breath caught in his heart and he gulped.

He stepped back and his knees buckled and he fell back "C-Connor, Lindiwe" he muttered; eyes wide with a mixture of emotion. Aden was still by the two boys checking their pulses and frowning.

"We need to get them to the hall, I think they'll be fine but their suffering from dehydration" he mentioned then pulled some leaves out of his pocket and put one of the leaves in each of the boys mouths. "These will help them wake up but the best thing to do is get them water and food" Aden told the dragon.

She relaxed in relief then prodded Marcus to get up, he did looking worried and scared. He put on a brave face and helped Aden lifted the two onto the dragons back. They got onto her and the dog did too and she took off with Aden's directions to the hall.

Aden ran to get water and food for the two of them while Marcus watched them "here they are" Hiccup's voice mentioned. Marcus turned and Aden came back with the food and water then set them on the table.

"Dad, there were two boys that came on a changewing, they're dehydrated but I gave them those special leaves" Aden told his dad. Hiccup looked at two boys and at the changewing in surprise then looked at the two boys.

"Wow, you're a beauty, huh?" Hiccup mentioned at the dragon that looked flattered and bent to meet Hiccup's eyes then allowed him to stroke his muzzle. She then looked closely at Toothless who lowered his muzzle and she did as well.

'Your friend is very flattering, Hatchling, as is his partner' the dragon told Marcus who smiled a little.

'My name is Toothless' Toothless replied with.

The dragon looked surprised then bowed her head lower 'the highest honor, forgive me for not showing the respect you deserve to be given a name by your partner' she told him.

'No, no, I believe that you deserve just as much respect as I' Toothless replied.

"You guys have strange customs" Marcus pointed out then blushed deeply when everyone in the room stared with wide eyes. "I mean, yeah, I can s-speak Dragonese Hiccup. I didn't mean not to tell you I just didn't want to brag" Marcus blurted out.

"Wow" Allan mentioned looking at the dragon in amazement as she bent to get a look at him "she's gorgeous" Allan added. The dragon nuzzled Allan as a reward for the compliment and Allan grinned brightly and stroked her muzzle and she purred.

"Since when can you speak Dragonese?" Hiccup asked him raising his eyebrows.

"Since before we started training, T-Toothless actually taught me to shoot the fire" Marcus explained then realized he was stuttering again and clamped his mouth shut.

"Wow, maybe I should let Toothless takeover" Hiccup mentioned slightly dryly while Toothless gave a 'oh brother' look.

"Ohâ€¦ my head" a new voice groaned and they turned to find both boys sitting up holding their heads and one clutching his stomach. Marcus stepped back worried on what they would do when they saw him, the dragon though, pushed him forward with her snout. The big but skinny dog also looked expectantly at him.

The boys looked up to find Marcus, both boys' mouths dropped open and both mouths then curved into a smile. "Marcus!" they shouted seemingly forgetting their ailments and looking excited and happy?

"Uhâ€¦" Marcus was terribly confused.

"We-" Connor winced as his stomach growled.

"Let's eat first, talk later" Aden instructed the two boys who made no objection and started eating the food quickly but no matter how hungry they both seemed. They didn't finish the food, only getting to eat half of the chicken.

Aden seemed satisfied though, Marcus gave him a confused look "when you don't eat for a long time, your stomach shrinks" Aden informed him.

"Oh" Marcus said quietly.

They all sat at the table looking at the boys who looked a lot better "we came to find Marcus because when he left, Connor started getting these weird dreams" Lindiwe explained.

Connor nodded and Marcus couldn't but wince at the purple scar that

went across Connor left side of his face and neck and even shoulder. They had to seal his eye shut so he also wore an eye patch "yeah, after you burned me and left that week I started getting these weird dreams. They all had dragons in them but people were riding them, you and that boy" Connor pointed at Aden.

"I thought they were just dreams the first long years because I thought dragons didn't exist but a few months ago, we found the dragon. After I got burned, no one wanted to be around me but Lin (Lindiwe) became my friend. We didn't where you went but the dragon, she did, I can't talk to her but sometimes I'll just fall asleep and she talks to me then. It's weird though, in these dreams that I have I feel that their real but they're not happening now" Connor explained.

"Like a premonition?" Aden asked.

Lin and Connor looked at each other and nodded "a Prophecy" they explained.

"So you think that these dreams have something to with them?" Hiccup asked.

"I know they do now, I've never seen him before today" Connor replied gesturing to Aden who was deep in thought.

"So what do you think they mean?" Allan asked quietly.

Connor rung his hands nervously and looked around "we think there's going to be a war, every time I have those dreams there are always 8 people riding dragons but the dragons have armor and so do their riders. They're all older though like 16 or something but I can't see their enemy" Connor finished.

Hiccup's jaw set looking very serious "I believe you completely" he told them and Connor looked relieved. "If your prophecy is right we have 3 years to be ready and to find out just who we're fighting" Hiccup mentioned.

He looked at the two boys and looked them up and down "I'll be talking to Gobber, our black smith, he'll be happy to start making armor but he'll need two assistants, up for the job?" Connor and Lin grinned brightly.

"Of course" they agreed.

7. New friendships and and new names

Kenna stared at Lindiwe or as everyone else called him, Lin. Kenna had grown up with blacks as her servants, people who waited on her hand and foot. Cleaning, cooking, and every other labor in her father's large home.

She'd never treated them badly but she certainly never pictured one of them as her friend. The boy was her age and tall with a too skinny body and if she was being honest, he was handsome with his blue eyes and high cheek bones.

She had never spoken to him or even attempt to make contact with him

but he never said a word about it. If ever they bumped into each other he'd nod and step aside to let her through while she stared at him like an animal.

She didn't understand how none of the others seemed bothered by him; they treated him like they normally treated other people. Even Marcus seemed to stop stuttering more after the day those two boys came.

He started eating more which she felt he needed too because his shoulder blades and collar-bone stuck out too much for anyones taste in Dragon Class Manor. Kenna couldn't help but wonder what on earth made him change so much in only a day.

It was slow at first but slowly, Marcus seemed to want to talk more and the fear in his eyes had left. There was color in his face! With all the training that Aden had done with Marcus, he'd gotten tan when winter ended and spring began.

At first he seemed wary and scared of Lin and Connor like they were going to beat him up or yell. But after a day or two, he was happy around everyone; it was like someone had flipped Marcus over like a new coin.

He was had the same habits though, still bit his nails which annoyed ILA to no end and the shyness never disappeared which secretly relieved everyone. They'd begun to think someone had replaced Marcus, he was the same Marcus but so much better.

"What's wrong?" a voice made her jump slightly and she turned to find Marcus; he wearing his new outfit that ILA, who couldn't stand his baggy outfit any longer, bought for him. She chosen very dark purple pants, which she thought would look strange fit Marcus, and a white shirt with designs that were obvious Gaelic.

Marcus was hard to say no to, it was like if you said no it would be kicking a puppy or worse kicking Connor's dog, Chance. Once it had gotten to eat, it had looked a lot healthier and stronger but its eyes would melt Kenna.

She sighed, "I'm sorry Marcus but I don't know if I can ever get along with your friend, Lin" she told him. He stared at her for a long time it seemed and frowned "I think that's because you haven't even tried" he answered her.

That hurt even though Marcus didn't mean it like that it still made her angry, her cheeks flushed and she glared at him. "Don't tell me what I have or haven't tried!" she yelled and he did something unexpected then, he crossed his arms and stared her down.

Now everyone was staring and she glared at him more "fine! I didn't want to get to know that Nigger anyway!" she shouted. Her anger was halted when she gasped covering her mouth, her cheeks flushing in shame. She glanced at Lin who looked hurt.

She backed away then turned and fled out, she ran and ran deep into the forest; when she'd run far enough she plopped on the moss-covered and sat against a large pine. Drawing her knees to her chest she sobbed, she shouldn't be the one crying but she was.

She didn't mean to say that but she had a flaming temper, whether it

be a result of her Class or about her never being able to speak to her father's noblemen guests at dinner. Being a noble's daughter was no easy thing, she knew that many thought her a spoiled brat and maybe she was for what she had said.

In her homeland, she was to sit proper; never slouching and keeping her chin high; her long wild red hair always wound into a tight bun. She was to always smile even if she wanted to cry or give those nobles a good kick.

Always made to wear long and itchy dress where the waist was too tight and the neck hung too low. The noblemen always stared at her as though she were an item. Also talking to her as if she were one, she was to listen and comment that they were smart even if they weren't.

It was only when she had the heating process that she was allowed to leave; she never wanted to go back to that awful castle. Her father had argued with her the night before she had decided but she wasn't one to back off now or ever.

Through her tears she heard feet and she looked up wiping the tears from her face to find Lin. He looked tired and out of breath "what are you doing here?" she asked, she pursed her lips tight.

"You looked really upset and Marcus was about to run after you but I volunteered instead" he replied taking a seat a safe distance away.

She couldn't help but stare at him "but why? I called youâ€¦| â€¦| â€¦| you know" she whispered. He seemed to study her and he smiled brightly at her.

"You're a noble, right? I'm sure you had a lot of slaves then, it's kind of expected that you wouldn't know how to talk to me. At least you think of me as a person, not everybody does" he added giving me an 'oh well' smile that was more a half brown.

She suddenly got up and marched over to him then stuck out her hand, he stared at her hand looking confused "I'm sorry, my name is Kenna" she told him. She kept her hand outstretched and he finally took it, his hand was warm and rough.

"Lin, uh we should probably get back, Marcus thinks you hate him" he added.

She frowned then pulling an old cloth out of her boot then pulled her hair up into a ponytail then tied it with the cloth. She turned on her heel and then started to run the same way she came "hey, wait!" Lin ran trying to keep up.

Her feet didn't stay on the ground for more than a few second until they reached the hall. Lin nearly collapsed outside the doors as he struggled to catch his breath. "Youâ€¦| need to slow down" he breathed as he flopped on the ground with his chest moving up and down fast.

"And youâ€¦| need to get in shape" she answered him carelessly and he groaned then got up and they entered the hall. Marcus stood up as soon as they walked in; he looked pale and worried as he usually did

when he was like that.

"I'm sorry" Marcus blurted out.

"Don't be, it was my fault; I'm sorry to you and Lin" she told him then turning to Lin who smiled.

Marcus melted into relief, sitting at the table and his dragon came up and nuzzled him looking at Kenna with clear eyes. At this particular time, she was a deep purple like Marcus' eyes and her eyes were a stormy grey.

Marcus still wouldn't take the dragon as his own, she paid attention to everything and went nearly everywhere she could fit with him. Marcus still didn't call the dragon his and she was feeling it; the dragon had her ears drooped when Marcus declined to go riding.

Marcus would talk to her and she seemed to answer but still didn't name her or anything. He replied by saying 'she isn't mine to name' and it was ridiculous on all levels honestly. Marcus brushed her away and the dragon's head drooped and Kenna walked over to the poor dragon then rubbed her snout.

She crooned to her "I'm sorry, I'm sure Marcus is just trying to work something out" she told the dragon.

She pulled her lips tight and went after Marcus as he left the hall "Marcus" she called out and he turned and she started walking with him. "What is your deal with your dragon?" she asked glaring at him to answer because he tended to ignore important questions.

He glanced at her and looked away while his face went red "I don't know, I know her so well but I feel like she's not mine" he answered staring at the ground.

"That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard, dragons have feelings, she's always so upset when you brush her off" Kenna snapped, her face going red with anger. Marcus was weird with relationships, with friendship, with master apprentice, with opponents. It was like he didn't know how to live with people or animals in general.

When Marcus was teased he took it literally, he didn't know about sarcasm but he was learning slowly about what people said and meant and they didn't. His understanding of people actually worrying about his well-being was almost non-existent. He worried about other people and maybe himself on occasion but when someone worried about him, he didn't how to react.

"I-I" Marcus started stuttering and his eyes filled with guilt "I'm sorry, what do you want me to do?" he asked.

Kenna sighed deeply "Marcus, Hiccup thinks of Toothless as his best friend, his partner; you don't have to think of her as a pet, she wants to be your partner so just except her" Kenna explained.

Marcus' eyes went round like a cats and he ran back into the hall, Kenna smiled and ran to follow him as he burst into the hall. He walked to his dragon whose eyes were glued to his own "Argos, do you

like it?" he asked the dragon.

The dragon blinked and tilted its head then looks incredibly happy nuzzling Marcus roughly and Marcus laughed and rubbed her snout again "Argos it is then" he mentioned laughing.

"Finally" Tyson groaned next to Kenna who smiles "he's a little stupid, isn't he?" Kenna prompts and Tyson grins wildly and she blushes.

"For such a smart guy, yeah" Tyson agrees whole heartedly,

****Hey everybody! I know this took a while but I just got stumped on what to do! I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT FOR YOU!****

****I AM PUTTING MY NEW CHAPTERS ON HALT UNTIL A LITTLE AFTER CHRISTMAS DUE TO THE FACT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO BRING MY LAPTOP WITH ME WHEN I GO TO VISIT MY FAMILY BUT WHEN CHRISTMAS IS OVER I WILL HAVE AT LEAST...****

3 NEW CHAPTERS!****

8. Burried in black

****Merry Christmas! Or Hanakah or whatever you guys celebrate or don't, whatever! This is my holiday gift to you guys! This is the point where the chapters start to get heated and the 'WHHHAAAT?' begins! SO HERE IT IS!****

ILA sighed deeply, letting her brain go blank as she stepped forward "ready!" she yelled, Hiccup let the arrows from Tyson, Marcus, and Astrid fly. She spun on her heels, jumped back and forward, flipped into somersaults and jumps.

She twisted out of the way of the invisible arrows that she couldn't see but felt in the wind, she dodged the last deadly accurate arrow Marcus had loosed and then pulled her hand back. Her now permanently light blue nails grew longer and she flung her hand in Marcus' direction and five satisfying thumps hit the wood Marcus held.

She opened her eyes now and turned to Marcus was smiling at her holding up his shield that held five razor sharp needle-like nails lodged into it. Marcus jumped down "great job, ILA, you've got it down now you just gotta work on aerial attacks" he explained.

ILA had acquired several new powers as everyone else had the past few months; she had the ability to grow her nails on will then fling them with pinpoint accuracy similar to the way a Deadly Nadder could with its tail spikes.

She could also shoot fire out of her palms like most of the classes could but her fire was more like a Nadder's with its white hot fire that sparked as it was lit up. ILA was more impressed with Marcus' abilities however as it seemed that the boy acquired new skills everyday he had no idea about.

Marcus had the power that Hiccup had called 'Mimic' as he could copy any skill he saw. They even went as far to test this theory to have Marcus watch her flips and jumps and he could copy that at an at

least an amateur level. He could shoot purple fire from his palms and it came out in swirls, twisting to get maximum speed.

He'd been working on it since his first day of training and so far he'd been able to get super-fast top speed and was able to change the form of his fire at will. Even more impressive was his new camouflage ability like his dragon, Argos' ability. He could blend in with everything and if he didn't want to be found then there was no point in looking.

"Thanks, Marcus, ready for your turn?" ILA asked.

"Nope, it's Aden's turn" Marcus answered and he climbed onto the platform that had been built to observe the training without being in the arena. Aden jumped down, grinning boldly at ILA and they traded a Designated Epic Dragon Class Handshake or what they all called DEDCH.

The DEDCH was something that Marcus and Aden had made up when they got bored with constant sword fighting. Originally it had been done with swords in each participant's hand. Aden had run at Marcus and vaulted over him using Marcus' shoulders then Marcus would slide under Aden and both would end up back to back.

With their free-hands they would link arms with each of their hands having a firm grip on each other's forearms. They'd hold up their swords and both would attempt to pull away and fight at super close combat. They use their fire too and both boys would end up charred with their fire but both were always in good spirits.

But then they'd shortened it for the benefit of the rest by sparking fire from their palms and gripping forearms charring the other with their type of fire. It was an odd ordeal but it made it specific because the 8 dragon classes were the only ones that could do it without burning themselves.

It seemed that their scales, though hardly noticeable unless you looked very closely, seemed to be easily marked. Each time ones scales were charred by the other they left a burn mark with the color or design of their fire.

Marcus's fire mark left a purple spiral that wound up one of the dragon classes forearm. Aden's fire blue fire rings similar to his fire which flew fast and hot like Toothless's and a ring came off of it every time it was shot.

Hiccup found this fascinating and took the time to study each of the dragon classes marks "it's like the dragons when they meet each other, they leave their scent which is all different but with you guys it's a burn mark" he had explained to them.

ILA got back onto the platform with the blue rings on her bare arm and watched as Aden started working on his target practice. Marcus watched Aden's swift movements and she saw that he was keeping Aden's time and she smiled.

Marcus was always looking for new ideas to help people with their training and to better himself too. Her smile slipped when she saw his eyes start widening and his face go pale, "Marcus" ILA stepped toward him but fire began to build around him all of a sudden.

Aden stopped firing and his attention drew to the fire ball; Aden jumped onto the platform and pulled ILA off of it. "What's going on?" Aden demanded to ILA who shook her head.

"I don't know, Marcus, all of a sudden he went pale and the big fireball blocked me when I tried to get close" ILA explained. Aden launched his own fire at the purple mass that deflected it but allowed a small peek into it. Marcus was at the center; Marcus' eyes had gone completely purple without the black pupils inside them.

The ball closed again but Aden didn't let it and shot more of his fire at the mass. Marcus' shoes were burned as well as parts of his shirt and pants, his hands were pitch black and threatening to make its way through his entire body.

"He's protecting himself" Aden yelled across the arena to Tyson who was also staring at the purple flames. Tyson jumped down and ran to Aden "I saw what happened" Tyson told them.

"I've seen this before" he added looking breathless "not in reality though, in-in a dream; when I went through the heating process I passed out from the strain but I had a dream that I was incased in black. It was like a virus butâ€¦"

"So what did you do to stop it?" Aden asked urgently "we've gotta stop Marcus and that black stuff, anymore of this and Marcus is gonna be burned to a crisp. Even dragons can only stand so much of their own fire" Aden added.

Tyson closed his eyes trying to remember what he had done when it happened in his dream then his blue eyes snapped open. "I remember, I did the same thing that Marcus did but then I think I focused the fire on the black stuff instead of just protecting me" Tyson explained.

"You think?" ILA asked skeptically.

"That would help but with Marcus freaking out up there and not letting anyone near him I can't do anything" Aden explained.

"Could one of us try to talk to him?" the three of them jumped at the sudden voice and whipped around to find Allan standing there. He was breathing heavily and beside him was Marcus' dragon, Argos crooning in worry.

"Maybe but he doesn't seem awake, he might not be able to listen" Aden explained.

Argos lifted her slim head then touched her muzzle to Allan forehead and Allan jumped about a foot and gasped loudly. "I-I-I s-she spoke" Allan stammered wide eyed, Aden and the others had to shake off their shock and save it for another time.

"Maybe she can help us" Tyson told Allan but was staring at Argos.

'_Marcus is conscious but only barely, he doesn't seem to hear me because dragons talk through subconscious but I think if you talk to him and I try to get through to his subconscious we can reach him.

But we'll need to get close enough' _Argos smooth voice explained and Allan nodded dumbly.

Allan shook off the shock and turned to all of them "she says that if we can get close enough we may reach him" Allan told them.

"Okay but we'll need a lot of firepower; we need to weaken that barrier" Aden explained.

"Someone say firepower?" Kenna's voice questioned.

"If that's what you need then you should have called us" Finn added.

"Yeah, starting the party without the guests, what were you thinking?" Ciar finished off grinning beside Finn.

"You guys are here too?" Tyson asked with a smirk.

"The giant purple ball of flame and death is kind of hard to miss" Finn explained with his sardonic sense of humor and blank face.

"Point taken, Finn and Ciar you take the very front; start with a boom" Aden instructed and the two grinned, Finn breathed in deeply and blew out the poison gas through his nose and Ciar lit it with his retractable fangs.

"Kenna, light it up on the left side and just keep it comin" Aden instructed surprised at how easily the words fell from his mouth. He knew exactly what to do and they listened.

Kenna lit up the tips of her fingers then her whole fist and the other one and launched herself at the ball of flame and hit it hard.

"ILA, go on the right side, see if your nail spikes can penetrate it" Aden instructed and she was off.

"Allan, you're gonna fly with Argos above the flame and when I say now try get inside the ball" Aden explained and Allan nodded climbing on Argos who took off immediately on the ready.

"EVERYONE! AIM AT THE VERY TOP!" Aden shouted also aiming at the top with his fire, everyone did which left a gaping hole on the top which Argos flew into. Allan pushed against the heat pressure against him "Marcus!" he shouted.

Marcus was at the center, his eyes wide and hands black all the way up to his shoulders "Marcus, listen to me!" Allan shouted getting closer.

"The black stuff! Focus your fire on the black! Marcus!" Allan shouted and Argos was also shouting the same and Marcus' pupils came back all of a sudden and Allan and Argos were blown out the flame ball. The ball shrank but Marcus' eyes still glowed that fiery purple as the ball then got bigger and the flame flew in all directions and all seven of them were blown back by the heat wave.

They groaned as they sat up and looked long enough to see the black

leave Marcus' arms as if it were fleeing. Marcus' eyes that were glowing purple went to their normal shade and he closed his eyes and his body dropped toward the ground.

They all started to get up to catch him when they saw their instructor catch the boy. Hiccup looked angry and determined "what's going on?" he asked them looking down at Marcus who stayed unconscious in his arms.

Hiccup walked forward, Toothless following closely; Hiccup placed Marcus in Allan's arms. "Dadâ€¦ we don't know" Aden told him in slight helplessness, Aden called Hiccup dad on only one occasion; when he was at a loss.

Hiccup anger faded replaced by sadness "come on, you can explain what happened on the way to Dragon Class Manor" he sighed. It took a day and a half for Marcus to wake up after totally spending his powers and energy.

Marcus was guarded the whole time by Argos, he finally got and walked into the meal area leaning on Argos for support. His face was paler than they had ever seen him; Allan stood up and put a firm hand under Marcus arm to keep him steady.

Marcus didn't say a word as he was able to sit down and everyone stared until ILA, ever the forward person, shoved a plate filled with bread, chicken, and potatoes toward him. Despite looking exhausted, Marcus was absolutely ravenous and ate all of his food quickly.

"Here" Tyson shoved a large dish of more bread toward Marcus who didn't have to be told twice and ate three more rolls.

"Hungry?" Aden's voice asked; his voice echoing as he walked through the large door of the Manor and shut it.

Marcus kept chewing and didn't stop eating until he'd cleaned the entire plate of rolls. They all stared slack-jawed, Marcus never ate this much food on any occasion because he was normally a light eater getting by on a chicken leg and a roll for food.

"Geez, that fire ball must have taken a lot more energy than we thought" Tyson muttered.

Marcus gripped the metal cup in his hand, his knuckles going white "that black stuff messed with my head" he said. He had all the classes' attention urging him to continue.

"I don't know, it was like someone was in my head saying 'kill, kill, steal, jewels,' all these random words but they weren't my thoughts. I knew what I was doing but I couldn't stop it, all I wanted was the black stuff that stung my arm to get off. Did I hurt anyone?" Marcus looking at his friends'.

"Not much, just a few bruises and burn marks" Tyson answered, always the relaxed person.

"But dude, if you could make that fire ball again but on purpose then it would make a seriously scary weapon" Ciar piped up.

"But I couldn't even control it, the best I can do is this, I think" Marcus replied showing a mini fire ball between his hands.

"Anyway guys, if it happened to Marcus then it can happen to any of us" Kenna spoke up making them all go silent and serious.

"Marcus, all you did was bring the fire go over the black stuff right?" Allan asked.

"Yeah but it was difficult, like a magnet was pulling it closer" Marcus replied shivering then looked away from the plat in front of him that was also filled with more food. He'd finished off the whole plate of rolls because he was nervous not because of extreme hunger.

Another two rolls would've sufficed however his new anxiety made him feel restless and he closed his eyes to try and steady his emotions. "In that case, maybe we should be really cautious about this, it could be really bad" Aden explained.

"No one goes anywhere alone" Kenna told them and everyone nodded in agreement.

Marcus agreed too then reached for yet another plate of rolls but Allan cut him off "stop it, Marcus, you're gonna make yourself throw up" Allan told him sternly.

Marcus nodded nervously "that's the idea" he said severely, tears threatening to spill down his purple eyes.

****I'd also like to add to all my viewers that this has been my most popular story ever and I will be sure to continue with it! It couldn't have been possible without you!****

****I encourage you to REVIEW on any COMMENTS, STATEMENTS, JOKES, AND EVEN SUGGESTIONS YOU HAVE! I don't care if you bother me with how one of my characters is like you or your friend, I would LOVE to HEAR ABOUT IT!****

****REVIEW, REVIEW, REVIEW!****

9. The bridge between fire and water

****Hello my followers, hopefully I didn't make you wait too aggravatingly long but now it is your turn to "trip the fuck out" excuse my french. So here it is, chapter nine! ENJOY****

****PS. It's a bit awkwardly spaced because of some technical difficulties but I'm sure it's fairly easy to read.****

_Tyson turned over in his sleep for the fifteenth time that night. He closed his eyes and for the first time, drifted off to sleep.

>

_As his inner conscious began to awake, he looked around the empty place which was all blue but there was neither floor nor ceiling, he listened to the whooshing in his ears silently.

>

_Hello?" he called, his voice echoed several times but after a while someone answered him. It was faint so he walked toward the voice, hoping to be able to hear it better. He seemed to go on forever but he finally reached it. _

_The dark blue shape shifted into that of a dragon. He marveled at it in silence for a moment, unsure of whether to be afraid or bold. It was unlike any he had ever seen. _

_It was massive, larger than even a Monstrous Nightmare with a snake like body with spindly forearms and slightly meatier hind legs.

_

_Its snout possessed two long whiskers that ran backwards like flowing water. He reached out slowly and touched its snout. For a moment it seemed hesitant, and then nuzzled against it.

>

_"Who are you?" Tyson asked. The dragon was silent and turned to circle him with fluent agility. When it spoke, it was like the wind whispering through the trees, soft, silky, mysterious.

>

_"I am yours."

>

_"Mine? But why are you faded?" he asked, eyes wide with awe.

>

_"I am weak. Please set me free." It responded with another mystery. Tyson was becoming more and more confused.

>

_"How?" he queried.

>

"The water will set me free. You're the bridge of fire and water. You can set me free with your fire and your water." It touched his forehead lightly.

_A vision of water and fire appeared, twisting together, working like a spiral storm. The elements were both blue, but were completely opposite. They intertwined like a braid.

>

* * *

><p>His eyes suddenly snapped open; he was now upright in his bed. Not a dream world â€" his real bed. Sweat ran down his neck and back. He breathed in deep and exhaled. His feet touched the cold ground and he tore the covers off and went barefoot down to the docks.<p>

He closed his eyes as the events of centuries past washed over him; he was in another time now. He was seeing Hiccup, a young and short Hiccup; a little over 14 years old. The boy was sitting on a rock a ways away, his arms wrapped around his shoulders.

A younger Stoic, his beard no longer slightly grayed but still a vibrant red was at the docks, instructing his tribe in stocking the boats. Stoic turned.

Tyson froze, but he relaxed when he realized that Stoic was looking at Hiccup.

Hiccup stared apathetically, then got up and turned away. He stopped and looked back at his dad.

It was a look that Tyson couldn't understand; filled with contempt and worry all at once. He then rolled his eyes and turned away, walking up the hill. Stoic sighed heavily then got into one of the boats and the ships sailed off, Tyson followed Hiccup as he walked into the blacksmith shop.

He picked up a small tool and chunked it at the wooden wall in anger. "I hate him. I hate him!" Hiccup screamed then he sighed. He put his back to the wall and slid down, shoulders slouched.

"No, I don't." he added as a helpless afterthought

Tyson was shocked. This was a Hiccup he'd never seen before; Hiccup seemed to be smart, kind, and a warrior. But this one didn't smile.

"Why did I have to let it get away?"

Tyson whispered to himself "Why am I seeing this?"

"I can't stop being all of me. It just doesn't work that way." Hiccup added, seemingly trying to affirm his thoughts.

"Stop it! Don't show me this! I don't want to see it." Tyson said to himself. He felt dirty and like an intruder to Hiccup's memories and experiences. Suddenly, the scene shifted and he was back in his own time.

He shifted his gaze to a pond that the villagers usually bathed in. He stripped off all his clothes and dove in. The cold water eased his mind. He opened his eyes. There was a blue light at the bottom of the pond.

That's not possible, he thought. The pond was just deep enough for you to be all the way under but shallow enough so that you could always see the sandy bottom. He swam to the bottom, surprised that he wasn't running out of air yet. He reached the blue light and it sucked him in.

>A portal!<p>

He was now looking at a memory in a river. He stared at people in long clothes and dresses walking into a strange looking place he'd never seen before - a square home with sides tipped skyward. The memory morphed into a gory battle. People killed and were killed brutally in every direction he looked. Heads and limbs chopped off, swords coated with a slick covering of blood, people screaming in agony.

There was blood everywhere, and Tyson began to feel sick to his stomach at the violence. "Stop it!" he called as he put a hand over

his eyes to block the horrid memory. The scene shifted again to the empty blue space. A large bolder sat in long white cloth.

The boulder began to glow with an unnatural blue light. Inside the light, the dragon from before appeared, its electric blue eyes staring at him piercingly, calmly, strong, but clearly pleading for help.

"Is this how?" he asked to no one in particular. Suddenly he felt someone grab his wrists and drag him out of the pool. The deserted land of blue disappeared and was replaced by the familiar face of Hiccup inches from his nose. A blanket was now draped around his shoulders and his whole body. He shivered.

"What were you thinking?" Hiccup's normally calm voice was now angry.

"I know you're good at withstanding cold, but below freezing? I don't think so." Tyson stared at Hiccup but he couldn't generate the words to respond to his harsh comment. His mind was racing with new information and he couldn't help but dwell on that data alone. He barely knew Hiccup was there.

"Tyson."

Tyson snapped out of his reverie and looked up at Hiccup. Hiccup's brow furrowed and he gently placed a hand on the boy's forehead.

"You're sick" Hiccup stated matter-of-factly. Tyson looked at his reflection in the water again and was slightly shocked to find that his face was a pasty white and his cheeks flushed. He'd been out all night in the biting cold, though he hadn't felt it.

He retrieved his clothes and donned them, and followed without complaint as Hiccup took him back to Dragon Class Manor. When they had arrived, Hiccup scolded the dazed Tyson.

"Never do that again," Hiccup sighed.

"Let's get you some breakfast."

Tyson didn't eat much and shivered the rest of that day, his face remaining pale, but the next day he was perfectly fine. He was hesitant for a little while then told the curious teens about his dream of the dragon; he left out the part about the memories on purpose.

"Another dragon? That can't be a coincidence. Maybe each of us have dragons of our own that we haven't found out about yet," Aden suggested, excitement tinting his voice.

"That may not be far from the truth, Aden. Marcus' dragon came to him and apparently Tyson's is waiting for him, so maybe we all have dragons that we need to wait for." ILA considered aloud.

Tyson had been quiet all morning after he told them; he got up and walked to the pond where he'd seen the memories. He stared at it, but nothing happened.

"The bridge between water and fire." he whispered. He held his hand toward the water, concentrating hard, just like he was using fire.

Nothing happened.

He sighed and walked away from the pond. He began a trek around the edge of the island. It had a lot of rocky hills and sand, but he didn't mind much. His home before had been very rocky, but not as much sea.

>He grew tired and plopped on the grass to watch the sea's tide ebb and flow. It was wild and free; much like fire, just smoother and harder. Fire was different; it was soft but, it bit and stung if you taunted it. He sucked in a breath as his eyes widened, and he stood quickly. That was it!<p>

He dashed towards the pond again. Sudden ILA appeared next to him, keeping his pace easily.

"Are you following me?" he asked, suspicious.

"We're supposed to stay in pairs." She said, a bit breathless. On further thought, she added a bit sheepishly, "You were so quiet this morning. I was kind of worried about you." He shrugged.

They stopped at the pond and ILA frowned slightly. "You're not going in there again, are you?" she asked, grabbing his wrist with a strong but feminine touch.

"Umâ€¦ yeah." Tyson admitted nonchalantly.

"No! Hiccup told you not to. Just use the tub at the manor or something if you want a swim."

"I don't want to swim. I'm going to free my dragon." He replied with a confident air as he kicked off his shoes and stripped off his shirt.

"Under no circumstances do you go in, okay?" He warned in a rare moment of complete seriousness.

"But-"

He glowered at her. She sighed.

"Fine, I promise. But what if you're in trouble?"

"Even then, I'll fight it off so unless I'm drowning, don't go in."

She nodded and he dove in with grace. The cold water pricked at his skin and sent a shiver down his spine. He ignored it and pressed on towards the vast blue that had reappeared. Once he had reached what he thought to be about the right level, he closed his eyes.

Suddenly he opened his mouth to yell, releasing a platoon of bubbles from his mouth. A tentacle of black was wrapped around his leg and crawling upwards at a frightening rate.

_Lonely, sniveling little boyâ€¦ he sees what he's not supposed to!

_The black growled out the words.

They played again and again in his mind, as if echoing. He felt panic rising in his throat, but he forced himself to stay calm. He remembers Marcus' experience with the black, and how he had said if you blast fire at it, it would leave.

He focused his fire under the water and the black was blasted off without hurting his leg. He imagined water which wasn't hard, since he was in water; he imagined its solidness but its free, wild element.

He imagined a hurricane only going above the lake but made sure it wasn't strong enough to destroy anything. Next he imagined his fire, soft yet biting.

He had a vision of the water and fire working together but his heart skipped when the black creeping up his leg again. This time, it seemed to bore into his leg with tiny knife. He kept his focus, but he was struggling.

He felt like a hammer was pounding on the inside of his head, like it would explode at any moment. His muscles ached from the strain but he knew how to get his dragon within his grasp, and he wasn't going to let that opportunity pass.

"Ryujin, that's your name," Tyson told the dragon: the dragon which was appearing now. Its head was clearly bowed stepped through his fire and water portal. He dropped the portal in exhaustion, floating loosely.

The black snarled menacingly with a final

I will be back, and withdrew into the depths.

The snake like dragon brought Tyson's limp form to the surface. ILA gasped at the huge dragon then hesitantly stepped forward to help Tyson off its back.

He looked very tired and near frozen despite all his fire. She wrapped her arms around his back in attempt to warm him with her body. He came to right that second, and started at the fact that she was hugging him. She smirked slightly and very lightly slapped him upside the head. It was so gentle; it was more like a brush than a slap.

"Come on, we need to get back." She handed him his warm hoodie and he slipped it over his head. The dragon followed but stopped at the door and curled up. Tyson was about to collapse right at the door if not for Allan catching him and sitting him down at the table.

"What happened?" Allan demanded and ILA shook her head in shock.

>Marcus entered, quickly assessed the situation, and took control.<p>

"Never mind that! Allan, go get him some blankets! ILA, go heat up water on the stove but not too hot." The two were shocked at his sudden orders they both left to follow them.

Tyson had begun to shake uncontrollably. Allan came back quickly with a warm blanket and Marcus wrapped Tyson in it, but Tyson still shook. ILA came in with the warm water and set it on the table. Marcus took a rag and put in the water, drained it then placed a part of it to Tyson's cheek.

Tyson leaned into the warm rag, obviously enjoying it, and Marcus took the blanket from Tyson's bare shoulders and doused it in the warm water. After draining most of the water and draped it around Tyson's shoulders.

Tyson's shaking stopped later. Marcus dumped out the water and hung the rags out to dry but Tyson kept a dry blanket over his shoulders.

"Feeling better?" Marcus asked, pressing his hand to Tyson's forehead then scowling. "Your fever's worse." He sighed.

"Um, yeah, but my throat hurts." Tyson's voice sounded scratchy.

Marcus sighed heavily. "Of course it does. Why did you go back in when you knew this would happen?" he asked sharply. Tyson flinched a little; in all honesty, Marcus could look pretty scary when he wanted to.

"Oh you know, just grabbing a dragon out of a fire and water portal he created, perfectly normal!" ILA said in a biting tone, glaring with her ice blue eyes that made a shiver go up Tyson's spine.

Allan, who usually wasn't one for humor, raised an eyebrow and smirked in amusement.

"Portal?" he asked in curiosity and Tyson wrapped his blanket tighter.

"Can we let Ryujin in?" Tyson asked, ignoring the question.

"Hey, um, Ryujin, come in." ILA said rather awkwardly. The dragon opened its eyes, which were a clear blue, even lighter than her own. It moved like it didn't weigh anything. It glided to Tyson and then it circled around Marcus, examining him while Marcus looked on with the same curiosity.

The dragon got closer to Marcus' face. Marcus stared with wide eyes then the dragon snuffed. Its breath was cold and Marcus blinked, and then shivered for a moment.

The dragon returned to Tyson's feet and curled up, looking perfectly content. It didn't take long for all of the classes to come back and demand to know what happened. Tyson explained everything.

Almost everything.

Tyson was scared to death about telling them about the memories he had of other times.

>They bombarded him with questions until Marcus stopped them with a serious look.<p>

"Guys, Tyson's fever is running pretty high, so why don't we talk tomorrow?"

Tyson nodded in agreement, exhausted. His body ached from his fever and his eyelids felt very heavy.

Ryujin seemed to sense this and his head went up from his post at Tyson's feet, in front of Hiccup who was examining Ryujin's snout in fascination.

"Yeah, sorry." ILA agreed, blushing a little; she had wanted to know as much as everyone else did.

>Tyson yawned loudly and stretched, standing up. He made his way to his room, and then turned. "Aden is right. We need to stay together; that black stuff is dangerous." Then he headed to his bed.<p>

Hiccup's gaze darkened. He didn't like watching while these kids suffer but he knew he had to let them fight their own battles. He couldn't intervene; this was their battle and he could only help as much as he could.

Ryujin suddenly nudged Hiccup. Hiccup faced the dragon's wise gaze and smiled.

"You've lived a long time, haven't you?" he asked.

Ryujin couldn't smile but Hiccup was pretty sure that the knowing gaze he got had a twinkle in its deep azure eyes.

****YES! Hello guys! I have a request of what you think of each of my characters or you can just pick one!****

****You can choose from these three characters...****

****A) Marcus****

****B) Kenna****

****C) Allan****

****Or if you want you can just pick your favorite character and tell me about them! What you like, what's funny, and a bunch of other things!****

****Just give me a REVIEW of a character that you want to know more about and I'll be sure to add a little bit extra info in the NEXT CHAPTER.****

****THANK YOU, PLEASE REVIEW****

10. Fenrir

****Ciar is PRONOUNCED: KEE-AR****

****WARNING! This chapter contains sickening mental images with lots of BLOOD AND GUTS so BEWARE****

Dread. That's what the mood was with witnessing the beast; his

stomach plummeted as he stared. The monster was huge, at about 20 ships high and indescribable length. _

The beast stood on 4 legs, large and muscular with the look of a large wolf. Its jaws dripped with gallons of blood. It's eyes were pitch black and black muck surrounded the evil creature; it growled low and harsh. The blood splattered as the monster squeezed a human splattering blood on his own face.

The blood was all too much, guts slipped out of carcass and onto the floor as the dog stared with its evil pair of eyes. It then lunged at it him-

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"Connor!" Lin's voice woke Connor from the horrid nightmare but it did not change Connor's mood at all. He shook in his bed, his limbs and jaw couldn't stop; his red hair covered his eyes. He took a deep breath and let a sob, Lin rubbed his back in attempt to comfort him.

Everyone else in Dragon Class Manor was woken up by Connor's screams; ILA pushed the others aside and went to Connor. Of everyone else, she was the most motherly; she hugged Connor as he sobbed. It didn't seem to matter to Connor who was watching or more, he couldn't seem to stop.

What he had seen had scared him so bad that it had made him emotional. Marcus came next and pushed through them with hot tea, not very tasty with its too-strong herbs but very calming. Connor drank it for the warmth for his blood had quite literally run cold in his sleep.

He kept a blanket wrapped around his shoulders and stared at the table; everyone had moved to the hall and sat down waiting patiently for an explanation. Connor stayed for a long time "I saw a monster in m-my dream, it was big and wolf like. It was huge and it-it fed on-on dead bodies. Before I woke up, it t-turned around and it held a person i-in its jaws, blood dripping from the bodyâ€¦" Connor's voice cracked.

Connor got up and threw open the door, Marcus got up worriedly and followed to find Connor emptying the contents of his stomach. Marcus stayed by him as Connor finished "it was so much blood" Connor said raggedly, his voice scratchy.

Marcus handed him a cup of water, Marcus took it and swished around part of the water and spit it into the bushes then drank the rest. When the two came back; Kenna was the first to speak, deliberately and slowly "do you know what it is?" she questioned.

"Noâ€¦ but I'll bet that Aden might, we all know that we're demi-gods right?" Tyson asked and they all nodded except Connor and Lin.

"Well, we're all born from Viking gods so it only makes sense that this monster has got to be something from the legends told around here, right?" Tyson explained.

"I think Tyson's right but it's not going to help thinking about it

all night, we better get to bed soon and then we'll talk in the morning" ILA explained, the tired teens all agreed in silence.

Connor, though reluctant to sleep after his horrible dream, slept after all and stayed asleep until late morning when Aden had just arrived along with Hiccup. Connor's dream flashed before his eyes as he described the monster.

Hiccup looked troubled and so did Aden "it's gotta be that, right Hiccup?" he asked, Hiccup nodded in agreement.

"Fenrir" Aden confirmed "it's a large wolf that grew too big and it's teeth can tear through anything, except that it was binded with a string made from elves" he explaining

A shiver went up everyone's spine as they glanced at Connor who was still shaking slightly. "Its eyes were black, all black and no pupils; it looked like that black stuff you told me about" Connor explained.

"Fenrir, when he was bound with string, vowed that he would escape the binds and Loki would take over and the monsters of the realm would have a great war and that Fenrir would swallow the sun" Hiccup explained his knowledge of legends passed down.

"But isn't that the story of the end of the world?" Kenna asked, her cherry lips pursing together but never admitting the fear.

"It's not time yet!" Connor yelled out causing everyone to jump slightly "This wolf, Fenrir, it doesn't happen yet. I don't know how but I could feel it inside me, like something's not right, it doesn't happen till much later" he explained closing his eyes.

"If this Fenrir is allowed to get free any more than now than all that has come into being will cease to exist causing a rift between worlds" he said, his eyes were now glazed over.

"So time's ticking, huh?" Ciar mentioned, for the first time, the two looked bothered along with the rest of them.

"We have 3 years before Fenrir escapes his binds, well we'd better start preparing; I'll let all of you take hold of this. No training today" Hiccup told him then turned to walk out before Toothless followed then turned back to look at Aden.

He gave him an odd look then turned away, nobody spoke after he left and nobody seemed to want to. The burden was heavier now, their lives had been tough before, some easier than others and some much harder.

Marcus was the first to walk out the door and his dragon, Argos following and Marcus jumped on her and took off into the sky. Tyson did the same, how his own dragon flew without wings was a mystery to all.

The rest separated to think it over all except the twins who went near a cliff face. Ciar sat down swinging his legs over the water a very long way down and Finn sat on a rock a foot or two away.

"Do you think it will be alright?" Ciar asked his quieter and intellectual brother.

"I don't know; Connor was very shook up when he talked about seeing Fenrir" Finn answered barely above a whisper. Ciar stayed silent for once, he sighed staring at the water, his heart pounding slightly with adrenaline at being so near to his death.

"It won't happen again, these people are different; that curse isn't real" Finn told his twin, getting up and pulling him away from the cliff he had perched on.

"How do you know?" Ciar demanded "how is it a coincidence that bad stuff always happens to us?!" he yelled, tears pooling as a more emotional side of him came out while his maddening brother just stared in apathy.

He turned around and pushed his brother down and tore up his twin's shirt to see the horrid scar that wound its way around Finn's torso. Proof of people's cruelty. "See, because we stay places and get close to people, this happens!" Ciar argued.

"That's not our fault, Ciar, people are cruel and we just have to expect it" Finn said calming pushing Ciar's hand away and getting up. He hugged his brother who tensed up then sighed heavily and relaxed "I don't want to see you getting hurt anymore" or anyone else" Ciar mentioned.

"Whether or not I get hurt doesn't matter, what matters is they need our help" Finn said, his eyes showed all that his face had not shown in expression. A willing for his twin to understand.

"Why should we? That village" that place, we helped them, we lived there and did their leader ever help? No, the minute he saw our scars he had us sentenced to execution!" Ciar yelled, his eyes held deep fury and he turned on his heel to stomp away from his brother.

"Ciar, wait" Finn said calmly but Ciar didn't stop and just trekked through the deep forest in order to cool off and think.

As we walked for hours, his legs burning from the difficulty of the climb over hills and around trees and small cliffs. Hiccup had told him during training that his legs were weak and he needed to walk more to strengthen them. He had ignored the remark because he still didn't trust everyone yet but now he was taking Hiccup's advice into account.

Hiccup had told him that of everything Ciar lacked, Finn made up for it and that they seemed to be two sides of a coin. Ciar was wild in his attacks, unpredictable and bold while Finn was careful, ready, and always thought things through.

Ciar knew perfectly well that of all their identical features, they were as different as night and day. Most couldn't see it when they were causing mischief but it was apparent for those who took the time. No one had in the 13 years that they had been born.

Ciar had a bit of a temper compared to his calmer brother, okay, a lot of a temper. It wasn't often that he let it out but there were a

few choice people that set that anger off. One of the main people happened to be Marcus and Kenna but for different reasons.

Marcus was so innocent and a little too nice which sort of irked Ciar in a weird way. He had an urge to protect Marcus, he was almost positive he wasn't alone in this notion.

Kenna was infuriating because her character had the same fire and fury that Ciar possessed. She was as unpredictable and wild as he was and it annoyed him.

He sighed to himself as he prepared to walk around the cliff when he miss stepped. A feeling of dead came over him as he topped down the steep hill then, in a moment of desperation and adrenaline. He grabbed the edge of the cliff with his right arm.

He forced himself to breath slower as he figured panicking wouldn't be the smartest thing in the world at the moment. He looked down to look and see if he had any chance of just jumping into the water and making it.

His idea was quickly extinguished for the cliff was much too high and if the rocks at the bottom didn't kill him than the impact when he hit the water would. He was aware that he was shaking and a lump had gone to his throat.

He forced it down but the tear did not go away, it was so stupid that of all the things he was going to cry about was this. His brother and him had been thrown, beaten, shunned all their lives but all that didn't stop the tears from falling.

He didn't want to die now, now with tears streaming down his cheeks and him recently yelling at his brother. He was such a baby right now that it hurt his pride; he had a lot of pride and it had always been a problem.

He chocked down his proud and yelled 'help' as loud as he possibly could. The cliff he dangled from wasn't sturdy and the weight was slowly crumbling it for the hours he had dangled.

His strength was dwindling and he had almost given up when he heard a whoosh or flapping of wings. "Hello?!" he yelled with the strength he had left.

"Ciar?!" Marcus usually quiet and gentle voice yelled to him from up high and landed suddenly to where Ciar couldn't see. Marcus came into focus and Ciar almost let himself relief but the cliff he hung from was crumbling enough as it was.

Marcus seemed to recognize this and inch slowly towards it, as though fate laughed and played a prank, Ciar's cliff crumbled and he felt the yank of gravity. He thought for sure that he was going to die and hit the water or the rocks but a hand grabbed his wrist.

Ciar stared up at Marcus "can you give me your other hand?" he asked softly, Ciar put up the strength he had left for Marcus to reach his other arm. Marcus pulled Ciar up, despite how skinny and fragile Marcus seemed to be; he was stronger than he looked.

Marcus fell over when Ciar and Marcus were away from the hap

hazardous cliff. Ciar was so exhausted and spent by hanging onto the cliff for hours that he had almost no strength to get up from Marcus. He simply closed his eyes momentarily, listening to Marcus' calming heartbeat against his chest.

"Ciar, are you okay?" Marcus asked, he seemed to be completely oblivious of his ability to calm everyone. Marcus seemed to be the best remedy for people and he didn't seem to know this.

"Yeah" Ciar said hoarsely, after all the crying he did; he didn't know how he had more as he let out more sobs. Marcus sat up and adjusted Ciar more upright leaning against his chest then examined Ciar blistered and cut hand.

"When do you want to start getting out of here?" Marcus asked in a way only seemed to belong to him alone. Marcus was a saint among sinners even though everyone knew Marcus hid something the way they all hid something.

"Can I stop crying first?" Ciar asked then grimaced at how pathetic he sounded but the gentle hand on his head calmed him.

"Did you and Finn have a fight?" Marcus asked.

"How'd you know?" Ciar asked, still wondering how Marcus could seem so much older than him even though they were the same age.

"Finn ran into the Manor and started spouting all kinds of things that didn't really make sense except 'fight' and 'Ciar'. He seemed really scared for you, maybe he could feel you were in danger. I think that's the first time I've seen him show that much emotion" Marcus added.

Ciar smiled a little "yeah" he said quietly then shifted his body to attempt to stand but Marcus did the rest and yanked him to his feet and firmly held him so he wouldn't fall.

"You're body's in shock, Ciar, don't try to push yourself; are you bleeding?" Marcus asked in a panicked voice and lifted Ciar hand. It was bleeding, he had been clinging onto the cliff so tightly and so long that sharp rocks had been imbedded into flesh.

"C'mon, Argos, we've got to get him to Astrid" Marcus picked up Ciar with impossible ease and placed Ciar on Argos and then got on himself in front of Ciar. "Hold on tight" Marcus told him and Ciar held tight with his arms around Marcus' chest as soon as Argos took to the skies.

He had an iron grip as he looked down; the first few feet were terrifying and his heart beat like crazy but once high enough to reach the clouds he relaxed his grip. "See, not bad, huh?" Marcus asked; he had easily felt Ciar's heartbeat.

"Yeah" I wish I had a dragon" Ciar commented and Marcus chuckled throatily.

"Considering how everyone's dragons have just been turning up lately, I have no doubt that you and Finn will get yours" Marcus mentioned as Argos landed, striding toward Astrid and Hiccup's cabin.

Finn was the first to run out of it Ciar jumped off immediately and hugged his brother. "I thought I was gonna die" he admitted to him. "I thought you were too" Finn admitted.

"So you knew I was gonna fall off a cliff?" Ciar asked.

"No, I knew you feared for your life" Finn answered then grabbed Ciar hurt hand "and that when you hurt, I can feel it" Finn added pulling him inside for Astrid to take the rocks out.

"Hey Finn" Ciar added.

"What?" Finn questioned.

"I think we can trust them" Ciar admitted and Finn smiled slightly.

"How'd you know where to find him?" Aden questioned Marcus as he walked into the home.

"Uh well, it's weird because I think my powers can mimic even internal abilities of others. I kind of just wanted to find Ciar and Finn's ability was kind of transferred to me. Just until I found him, it's gone now" Marcus explained shrugging his shoulders.

"Speaking of powers, Allan's discovered a new one and it's kind of getting out of control" Aden said.

Marcus looked at Aden expectantly "He's making jewels with his hands."

****HAHAHHA! Aren't I evil leaving you hanging like this? So I know that I haven't done much about the twins lately or at all really but yeah, this is it. Thank you for staying tuned and sorry it's taken a long time and so now you have your official villain. REVIEW!****

11. Melody

"Everyone out of bed! I want you ready before we see the light of sun, packs ready with water skins and clothes ready for a trek!" Hiccup commanded and everyone groaned from their beds but got up suddenly anyway.

Marcus, along with Aden were the first to be ready since Marcus was already used to getting up early pretty much every day of his life as was Aden. Once everyone was lined with satchels strapped to their backs or in Aden's case, around his waist and didn't really need a bag.

"Allan, you'll be useful for this trip but be very careful to control those crystals, this new dragon that's come to these islands are very attracted to crystals, jewels, gold, and other objects like that" Hiccup informed him and Allan straightened then nodded.

"Now let's go" Hiccup announced and they all set out to the less prosperous part of the island. They trekked for hours, Hiccup had Toothless, Tyson with Ryujin, Marcus with Argos and the rest didn't have their dragons yet.

Argos nudged Marcus to get on her but he refused "no one else is, it wouldn't be fair" he answered her then breathed in and out deeply to catch his breath. "Are you okay, Marcus? You don't look so good" Aden frowned at his friend.

"Fine" Marcus ground his teeth "my body's just not used to such constant excersize, I really thought I was doing much better but I guess not" he answered jogging to keep up with the rest.

"Maybe you should ride on Argos, Hiccup didn't say you couldn't" Aden said.

"It's a test of endurance, kind of, and if I don't make it to this spot without taking a break than I can't call myself a guardian-" Marcus put a hand over his mouth, blushing suddenly.

The rest turned around with interest "huh? Guardian?" Ciar asked with interest.

"Nothing, forget I said anything" Marcus argued, his face going redder than Kenna's hair.

"Go on, I want to hear what you said" Hiccup told Marcus smiling slightly.

"Well, we all have those marks on our backs and we have these powers that bind us but we don't really have a name to call us by or anything. And I, I don't know I just thought of a name but I haven't really said it allowed till now" Marcus answered, forgetting his exhaustion for a while.

"Guardian, that's what you said" Allan pointed out.

"Yeah Guardians of Draco, it means"

"Dragon in latin" ILA supplied smiling brightly "it's perfect, Marcus! That's our name, Guardians of Dragons. We fight alongside them and we're like them too" ILA added excitedly.

"Sounds perfect, okay Guardians, trudge on!" Hiccup pointed and they all made it up the tall mountain by mid day. Marcus collapsed on the grass, breathing unevenly Aden handed him the water skin and he drank some and turned on his side to catch his breath.

"You made it, feeling like a worthy guardian now, Marcus?" Aden asked grinning and Marcus smiled a little.

"If you're feeling this tired after climbing up the mountain, you should have ridden on Argos" Hiccup pointed out and Marcus was too tired to answer and just stared at the ground.

"Marcus, you're one of thinnest in our group and that makes you the frailest. I know, trust me that I've been there but don't push yourself too hard. Trust me when I say that no one's going to accuse you of being lazy because we all know that's the last thing you would do" Hiccup explained.

"Okay, I'll take a break if it gets too much" Marcus agreed, a tiny smile gracing his lips, the shy kind that always seemed to make everyone else's smile larger.

"Okay everyone; this is the part where it gets dangerous, everyone on a dragon who's got one. Allan, I want you and Kenna at the front. From what I've heard about this dragon, it's got lots of fire and a lot of fight" Hiccup said.

Kenna tied up her hair as was her usual cue that she was serious and Allan stood determined. They walked toward the cave slowly with Hiccup also just close to the two. That's when they heard it, an ear piercing screech but Hiccup, by experience and the Guardians, by instinct knew it was afraid.

It appeared at the mouth of the cave, it was gigantic in scale with jewels clinging to its stomach like armor. It was a dark red, a four legged dragon with incredibly powerful legs and massive wings. It's eyes were a dark grey and it let out another screech as it was overwhelmed by them.

Allan jumped back and thrust up a fire shield as it's blazing hot fire tried to roast him. It swung it's large tail at them aggressively, screeching loudly. Marcus pulled Allan back from the dragon as another wave of heat hit them.

"Marcus!" Allan shouted then held onto him to keep him up right.

"I'm fine, just a bit tired" Marcus assured, Kenna launched herself at the dragon then thrust up her shield to block the fire again.

"Ciar! Finn! Get behind her and hold her tail down" Aden instructed.

"Kenna, here's some rope, bind her mouth until we can calm her down!" Marcus shouted also, tossing the rope and Kenna shook her head out of her shock that Marcus had commanded her.

"Any suggestions, ILA?" Aden asked and she nodded looking at Allan.

"Try singing" ILA suggested and Allan gave her a look.

"It's obviously a middle eastern dragon, those kinds calm with music" ILA replied then gave him a look like 'hop to it'

Marcus walked up along side Allan slowly "_Far over the misty mountains cold_â€|" Marcus started to sing and his voice carried to the dragon who listened intently and Allan sighed in relief, he knew this song.

"_To dungeons deep and caverns old_"

"_The pines were roaring on the heights_"

"_The winds were morning in the night_"

The dragon tilted her head with curiosity and settled her head upon the rocks of the cave. Listening to the song "_the fire was red, the flaming spread._"

"_The trees like torches, blazed with light_" Marcus and Allan finished and it was completely calm as Allan approached her. He carefully took off the rope and Ciar and Finn let go of her tail. He stroked her muzzle and she relaxed slowly.

She breathed out her nostrils which brought a little hot steam but Allan just smiled. "Hiccup?" Allan asked tentatively.

"She's all yours, Allan, she seems to be most attached to you already" Hiccup answered gesturing that her tail wrapped around Allan's foot as if to keep him with her.

Allan rubbed her snout and she crooned a dragon-like purr "she also needs a name" ILA added.

"That's what seems to be the case with dragons, when they are given a name, they stay loyal to us" ILA added, always the logical one.

"You're right, Argos told me that it was an honor for a dragon to be given a name" Marcus added, allowing himself to be placed on Argos back by Argos herself. She settled down and Marcus leaned against her neck.

"Umâ€|" Allan thought silently "Melody" he said.

"A girly name for a dragon" ILA mentioned and Allan's face went red.

"I think it's perfect for her, she is female after all and we calmed her with music" Marcus answered quietly, his eyes slightly dazed from being tired.

"Long eyelashes too, beautiful dragon" Hiccup added, inspecting her snout and eyes as well scales.

"HICCUP!" Astrid's voice reigned in the semi-night sky and Hiccup tensed and swung to catch her as she jumped off her dragon.

"Nice of you to drop in" Hiccup said dryly then his grin slid off when he saw her worried face "what is it?" he asked.

Astrid hesitated and Hiccup cupped her chin so she looked straight at him "what is it?"

"Trollsâ€| it's trolls, oh Hiccup, they're massive."

"Trollsâ€|" the color drained quickly from Hiccup's face and he turned "you wanted to be called Guardians? Here's your chance!"

**Oh? You thought I was gonna continue there? Whoopsie, nope, you'll just have to wait. Sorry for not updating for a while but I do have a life... **

By the way, for those of you fans of THE LORD OF THE RINGS and THE HOBBIT, if you don't recognize the song I am very disappointed in youâ€| So yeah, the song Marcus and Allan sang was from THE HOBBIT so don't start nagging me about the name of the song, it's called MISTY MOUNTAINS.

12. Offspring of Lightning and death itself

"Keep your ranks and keep those boulders comin!" Stoic the vast shouted out, the flames were launched toward the giants. These giants were large and ugly with nasty teeth and fat nubby fingers and toes, they were all bred for war but unlucky for them, so were the people of Berk.

The rock flames struck their desired targets, 5 of the trolls knocking them dead with one destructive blow. There hundreds of trolls in this crowd but neither looked even close to losing. One of the trolls broke through the Viking induced barrier and charged toward Stoic.

Stoic took a stance at the ready "NIGHT FURY!" with a screech and a barely audible whoosh, Hiccup was on the trolls shoulder and had a sword lodged into its head. He jumped off just as the troll toppled back ward and landed in front of Stoic and grinned.

"Not too shabby, eh dad?" he asked and Stoic laughed heartily.

"No, not bad at all, is Aden flying Toothless?" Stoic asked glancing at the sky but it was no use. Once a night fury disappeared, it was almost impossible to find it again.

"Yeah, well if you've got it from here, I'm need to make an armor set for our new dragon quick as I can" Hiccup replied.

"New dragon?" Stoic looked up as a massive dragon went over him "Thor Almightyâ€¦ Hiccup, where did that one come from?!" Stoic shouted and Hiccup just laughed.

Hiccup ran into the black smith shop, putting on an apron "how are we doin Gobber?" Hiccup asked.

"Fantastic! We haven't had a good fight in years-" Hiccup raised an eyebrow "ahem, I mean not good, they're not backing down" Gobber cleared his throat.

"Just like old times, right?" Hiccup asked as he started to create a mold quickly for head gear on Melody then poured a molten metal in.

"Except you're not exactly the little stick you were" Gobber pointed out.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence" he responded flatly then pulled out the metal gear and doused it in water. He went outside and whistled as Melody landed and he placed the gear on her quickly "she's all yours, Allan, give them hell girl" he added to Melody.

Marcus glided in on Argos tossing Hiccup his gauntlet "it's melted" he told Hiccup who inspected it. The armor for Marcus forearm had been indeed melted to an almost goop and was still a little warm.

Hiccup frowned "we'll need a different type of metal then, one not as

easily affected by heat" he replied.

Marcus nodded then took off, disappeared almost as quickly as Toothless. Argos released the silent purple fire on the trolls then Marcus released his own which had a rippled affect. His fire spread to the other trolls, stopping at a certain point. Marcus eyes widened, he had seen this fire before and his body shook.

Marcus shook his head to bring himself out his steadily accumulating flash back then took a shaky breath and dove at the trolls. With one fowl swoop, 3 trolls were on the ground with claw marks on their heads and Marcus lit them up. The trolls screamed and Marcus shuddered feeling guilty.

"Marcus, what was that fire?" Kenna yelled up as she launched herself at a troll and struck him down straight in the while.

"I don't know but I've seen it before" Marcus replied darkly "but if I do it again, get as far away as possible, it spreads" he mentioned, his eyes aimed at her with a haunted look and she straightened.

"Okay, I will but I think it's a good thing to have" she added seriously and Marcus eyes went as wide as a curious Night fury. Kenna rolled her eyes "now get going, trolls to fight and a war to win" she told him pointing to the sky.

Argos got the message and shot into the sky and went into a death roll and "_Argos, head straight down but keep spinning but be prepared to pull straight up again"_ he told her. Marcus got an idea.

_"Hatchling? What are you planning?" _she questioned, her tone laced with amusement.

_"You'll see, aim for a crowd of them" _he replied to her in Dragonese.

_"Of course" _she purred then went into a straight down death roll, Marcus put out his hand and a stream of hot, purple fire streamed, twisting as Argos herself twisted until they were close to the ground.

_"UP!" _Marcus shouted and she glided up with ease of the fiery tornado that wiped out 100's of trolls in its path and eventually lost of its fury. Marcus sighed in relief, glad that the fire had stopped before hurting anyone else.

_"Marcus!" _Marcus turned his head to find Toothless with Aden on it beside them.

"I think Toothless is trying to tell me something but I don't know what he's saying" Aden told Marcus who looked into Toothless' emerald eyes and they were sharp with alert.

"I can sense something coming, he is coming, no they are coming" Toothless told him with urgency.

_"Who is coming?" _Marcus asked and Toothless pressed his ears flat against head and Marcus himself got a strange feeling in his stomach.

"We need to land now" Marcus told Aden who looked at him strangely but nodded and the two glided to the ground and Tyson and Allen joined them.

The others joined them as they all seemed to have that strange feeling. As if someone had called them off or threatened them, the trolls had started to fall back, they at first started to go slowly but now they were running. Marcus couldn't seem to calm down and his heart leaped as he heard thunder strike, his eyes filled with a light so bright, he had to cover his eyes.

When the light faded, a large ship 15000 times the size of other ships sailed into Berk. The ship covered most of the port side. All the Vikings and guardians stood in awe as huge people, walked around the large ship and it stopped hitting a large cliff and the huge people got out. There were 7 in total, some women and some men and all larger than life.

Marcus sensed something about them all and knelt and the rest of them seemed to sense the same and knelt. "Rise, Guardians of Draco" a wise and deep voice said and they rose.

"We have come with a warning, I trust you know who we are?" the one in the front who was clearly the leader, asked.

"You are Odin, king of the gods" Allan mentioned and Odin smiled in a proud sort of way.

"Yes and you are my son, you have fought valiantly today" Odin responded and Allan looked shocked then blushed. Odin was dressed in armor and a helmet, a black cape as his symbol of status.

"So have ours, my ILA has fought well" a woman stepped forward, her hourglass figure with sharp eyes. She was dressed with armor around her bodice and her long flowing blonde hair in a ponytail.

ILA straightened "Freya?" she asked and Freya smiled, her eyes showing warmth and pride.

"Silence, I will allow you introductions after we give our warning" Odin announced and the gods fell silent.

"Now as you may have realized, a beast is getting loose within its captivity" a slimmer man stepped forward.

"Fenrir" Marcus mentioned, his mouth drawing into a tight worried line "he's getting out of thread and if we don't stop this, Fenrir will swallow the sun" Marcus supplied "and it's the end of the world."

"Your boy is clever, Loki!" a buff man mentioned, in his strong hands he held a large hammer. His hair was long and wild with a blonde beard; the one beside him, a slim man with pitch black hair and purple eyes.

Aden stepped in next to Marcus who smiled only slightly to acknowledge his friend "father, right?" Aden asked the large god, Thor the god of thunder. The man nodded "yes, you are good friends with Loki's son?" he asked.

Everyone seemed to step toward Marcus in a protective way "we all are, so what did you come to warn us about?" Kenna asked, her fiery red hair and red eyes seemed to be alight.

"The dead line is nearing, Fenrir is growing stronger and in less than 3 years it will be time to create a bind from the impossible. We will tell you this, seek Frey's messenger, Skirnir and find a way to the World of the dark elves in order create this bind" Freya, her crimson eyes almost twice as intense of Kenna's.

"The bind will be made from 6 things, the sound a cat makes when running, the beard of a woman, the roots of a mountain, the sinews of a bear, the breath of a fish, and the spittle of a bird. That is our warning to you; we count on you young guardians for we are no longer allowed to interfere directly with mortals even our children" a man with eyes like Tyson's spoke, his voice solemn.

"But those things are impossible!" Ciar protested.

"You will find a way" a huge man in full armor and wild red hair told him with fond eyes.

"Freyr?" Finn asked and the man nodded; he then whispered in Ciar's ear and Ciar looked at man shocked. He then looked away not knowing what to say or do.

"Why are they coming after Berk, the trolls didn't come for no reason" Marcus said.

"You each hold the power of the gods and the burning intensity of dragons at your disposal, there is a prophecy that only you 8 can put my son back in binds. They are on Fenrir's side so they attacked foolishly thinking that their power would be a match for 8 demi-gods, such idiotic thoughts but what do you expect from trolls" the calm droll of the voice seemed too familiar to them all.

They all placed their attention on the slim god who's ebony black hair that hung gracefully over his shoulder. His porcelain skin, facial structure, and soft, violet eyes made it clear that Marcus' father was he. Marcus studied him calmly "sorry Marcus, you'll need to imprison your dear brother" he told him, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Marcus shuddered at the thought of him being a brother "can you tell me one thing?" Marcus asked.

"Within reason" Loki replied, his back stick and mouth pressed thin looking alike to Marcus.

"How do I control that fire, it sticks and won't stop" Marcus said.

"You control your fire with your mind, Marcus, we are alike in more way than one so I assume you can understand it" Loki explained. Marcus didn't reply and the rest of the many gods turned into human forms to give advice and speak with their daughters and sons.

[illegible]

Lightning struck across the sky that night, the sky was a pitch black and the lightning an almost unnatural shade of blue. Every Guardian stood outside and they each had an instinct of something happening. Aden and the rest backed up suddenly when lightning struck the ground in front of them. It was as if it struck the ground and then sent all of its energy there. When the flashes stopped, an egg shape of lightning stood before them all.

Aden moved forward slowly and knelt and picked up the egg, constant blue electricity zigzagged the egg and it looked as if it was made of pure energy. Toothless trudged up and sniffed the egg and very suddenly took the egg in his gummy mouth and set it down to inspect it more.

"What is it?" Kenna asked, they all looked at Aden because, well of all people Aden knew the most about dragons and eggs.

"I don't know, it might be, well maybe it's a Night Fury egg" Aden said.

****It has been forever since I wrote a chapter I know, but I was lacking inspiration and cranking out chapters that have no meaning or point seemed unfair****

****Short one but hey it's a chapter!****

****REVIEW****

End
file.